THE COMMONWEAL

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CIVIC DEMOCRACY

WHAT manner of leadership Tammany Hall is going to choose seems a matter of representative importance. During the past twelve years the New York organization has set the pace for civic-minded party government in the cities of the nation. Though it has not been able to solve one or two major municipal problems and has, in a few recent instances, been compelled to accept the stigma accruing from fraudulent conduct on the part of individual politicians, it has maintained a high degree of probity and efficiency and has driven a deep wedge into the national party consciousness. Such loathing of Tammany as persists throughout the country is based upon conditions long since outlived and upon prejudiced views of history. Indeed, at its worst the Wigwam never exhaled any odor comparable to that which characterized the Harding Cabinet; and at its best—which state, one may say frankly, has coincided with the régime of Mr. Olvany—it has deserved a very considerable amount of esteem. Whether the good work thus carried through will be continued depends primarily upon two things: ability to find the right sort of leader, and willingness to give him authority.

Neither is so simple a matter as one might think. The "ideal circumstances" proposed by progressive liberal opinion all too rarely take into account the plain, local realities of a given situation. Average American small towns of a generation ago were normally in a position to provide themselves with reputable officers, both because the citizens were able to arrive at some reasonable opinion about existing problems and because the opportunities for graft were almost entirely wanting. But the average industrial community of today is powerless to use public opinion in anything like the same way. In the first place, the productive enterprises upon which the city depends attract, absorb and use crowds of citizens neither trained for nor capable of civic study. But because they can be organized politically on the basis of likes and dislikes, definite practical advantages or idealistic slogans, they coalesce to form a political power which, eventually, controls affairs. Thus in some cities the question of local prohibition enforcement determines the political weather; in others some comparatively trifling issue arises to befog the whole scene. New York politics, for instance, depend to a great extent upon the five-cent subway fare—a matter which an intelligent dictator could dispose of in five minutes.

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You cannot change the city or its inhabitants. The problem is wholly independent of race lines, immigration, privilege. It resolves itself into a matter of controlled responsibility. How shall successful political aspirants escape the necessity of giving patronage to those who can organize the electorate, and be hindered from using respect for a popular slogan as a blind for all varieties of malpractice? The only practical answer seems to be: give city politics an objective beyond themselves. If the municipal party organization has a stake in state or national campaigns, if it must earn the good-will of the public at large, its responsibility is controlled by a public opinion not interested in the immediate community circumstances. That was what happened to Tammany durng the period of Governor Smith's ascendancy. It would happen in Chicago if a leader developed there came into state or national prominence.

That is clearly one reason why all the talk of organizing cities into "separate states" is so profoundly mistaken. The modern industrial community cannot function normally unless its affairs are merged into a larger whole. Moreover, almost the whole stress of popular education in our time is laid upon national and state affairs, both because these are held to be more important, and because municipal problems are so special that a good deal of training is needed before one can study them intelligently. The city which points its own conduct toward the broader interests of statesmanship will, therefore, be able to utilize the moral will of its citizens more effectively than it otherwise could. For these reasons the present activity of Tammany ought to attract wide-spread interest.

WEEK BY WEEK

NEWS from Mexico is still inconclusive. Though the position of the rebel forces would seem to be better than was thought a week ago, there is little evidence to show that Calles is being opposed by a well-regulated, unified effort. Military activities of importance are confined to two sectors—the north central plateau, where some fighting may be expected in the neighborhood of Jimenez, and the coast west of the Sierra Madres, where the port of Mazatlán has apparently been the scene of real carnage. None of the reports is more interesting than the one to the effect that some thousands of federal cavalry were dispatched to the states of Jalisco and Guanajuato for the purpose of battling against the "fanaticos"—who, of course, are militant Catholics. These two states contain vital railroad arteries running west and north of Mexico City; and it is obvious that a serious religious uprising there might greatly harass the activities of the government. But wholly apart from these news details there is the much more important fact that the land of Mexico is being laid desolate once more, and that the primary reason why this is so can be described as inordinate tyranny exercised by a group which has quashed all initiative by a policy of murder and oppression, and which has sinned most gravely against the conscience of the world.

Events in Mexico

MORE and more attention will doubtless be paid to the question of congressional reapportionment. Since 1920 changes in population have had no effect whatever upon the number of representatives or their distribution. Though this is in direct violation of the constitution, the growing antipathy to immigrant citizens, coupled with a few minor considerations, has sufficed to prevent anything from being done. Reviewing the situation in a recent editorial, the New York World pointed out some glaring anachronisms. Los Angeles County, where nearly 3,000,000 people dwell, elects two congressmen. The population of Kansas is about the same as that of the Detroit territory; and yet the first has nearly three times as many spokesmen on the floor as the second. If the government has the duty of "enforcing all law," as Mr. Hoover solemnly reminded us, it is quite obvious that Article I of the constitution ought to receive a little attention. "Taxation without representation" is as bad as it ever was, although not a few citizens have succumbed to the regrettable error of supposing that only a presidential election is of any great importance. We agree with the World that "the greatest evil a representative legislative system can face is the development of a rotten-borough system." Can the matter be considered at the special session?

Shall Article One Stand?

ALTHOUGH the Italian elections could not accurately indicate the weakness of Fascism, they were able to furnish an index to the strength of the Fascist party. That the voters flocked to the polls to prove. The overwhelming success of the Fascist ticket was surprising even to the leaders who would have been satisfied had the plurality been a 3,000,000 vote. Instead the returns show a much larger majority, and the percentage of the total electorate that went to the polls is flattering even to a government sure of its approval. The first "corporate parliament," representing each art, craft, trade, profession and pursuit, instead of land divisions, thus comes into being, and Mussolini is able to go before the world with the assurance that the enemies of his régime have subsided to a minority without even the will to be articulate. They did register a certain protest against the list of candidates designated by the National Grand Council, but this was done with no apparent effort to agitate against the government's refusal to permit the submission of an alternative ticket. This privilege of a purely negative vote does not conform to the general idea of an election, but it has its own effectiveness, since a failure to pile up a sufficient total for the only ticket submitted would have

Fascismo Trionfante

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created the necessity for a new election. This no one expected to happen, and the present government in Italy becomes even more firmly entrenched.

THE Nanking government in China is to be congratulated on the settlement of the Tsinan-fu incident and the effective handling of the issues arising from it. Under the terms of the settlement Japan has agreed to forget the question of guilt, and to content itself with the formation of a commission which will consider just remunerations to the nationals of both countries who suffered during the clash between Japanese and Chinese troops preceding the occupation of the capital of Shantung. Japan will withdraw her troops from that province and receives a guarantee from Nanking that order will be preserved during and after the evacuation. Both sides appear well satisfied with the arrangements and the governments are expected to confirm with little loss of time the agreement arrived at by their negotiators. It remains to be seen if the Nationalist government has undertaken more than it can accomplish in Shantung. The success with which it meets the test there will have much to do with the future shaping of Sino-Japanese relations. The task presents difficulties but there is an excellent chance that it will be accomplished and new bases for clear and amicable understanding between the two nations established.

A Triumph for Nanking

FLYING at half-mast, the flags of France mark the passing of Marshal Ferdinand Foch. The great throngs of Americans who served under his command in the battles after Belleau Wood, seldom caught a glimpse of this swift-moving, eminently martial, wonderfully resolute little man. And yet they were nearly all conscious that the tremendous effort into which they had been caught up culminated in the slight figure which, even at the close of four iron years, bore the unmistakable stamp of a professor at the Ecole de Guerre. Stonewall Jackson had been just such a professor; and indeed there is many a resemblance between the two, from the point of view of military tactics as well as personal character. Both were deeply religious, though of course of different faiths; both set great store by the power of will as an instrument for beating the enemy; and both believed in prompt, relentless action, the spirit of which they could impart to others. Marshal Foch, who had clung to his faith with unselfish tenacity during years when anticlericalism was the recipe of success, remained profoundly convinced that Providence had decreed the ultimate triumph of France. Perhaps he was right—though it now seems so very clear that Providence is on the side of the angels bringing peace and good-will.

Marshal Foch

NO DOUBT the soldierly virtues of which the Marshal was so fine an exemplar continue to win the homage of us all. Devotion to others combined with ability to command; integrity in the performance of duty at whatever cost; power to bend the will to the service of unflinching courage: these are the glories of a true soldier, and the civilian seldom attains them even though he may don a uniform with enthusiasm. The excesses committed in war time seldom emanate from those who have learned how to behave on the field, and the most vehement professional fighter is often enough a gentleman of splendid courtesy and candor. We must not lose these virtues, however strong our eventual repudiation of conflict may become. And, one hopes fervently, the example of the illustrious leaders who combined energetic authority with fine personal nobility during four terrible years will serve to make the soldier's lesson appealing to us all. One by one the great captains will soon go to their rest, beside their shields. In common with all American army men, we salute the dead victor of the Marne.

A MARKED pessimism possesses those leaders who are destined to direct the special session of Congress which has been promised the American voter. They are faced with the cruel exigency of heading a good majority, with a fairly reasonable propensity to follow, yet they have no vision of the promised land. What the President has done for them is to give them two destinations without any indication of how either can be reached. Farm relief and tariff revision have always been among the most complicated of congressional ends. The former is the more essential objective before the two Houses, since it is the primary reason for their convocation. And no new Republican light has been thrown on the proposition. The equalization fee is still uppermost in the minds of the members of the farm bloc, and they are not anxious to vote for any measure not embodying that feature, unless there is presidential responsibility for its introduction. They would command more sympathy from the country if there were any certainty in regard to what the farmer actually wants. Obviously he insists on relief, but to date he has failed to be specific as to the manner of its application. Last November the farmer declared his belief that his bread was buttered on the Republican side. Though the promises it held out were of the most general kind, the G.O.P. version of agricultural reform was preferred. And so Mr. Hoover is quite right in declining to initiate farm legislation. The farmer has placed his trust in Congress—let the responsibility rest there.

A Doubtful Congress

THE inclusion of tariff revision in the program for the special Congress was more the work of deliberate opportunists than of careful politicians. The most ardent protectionists were somewhat chilled by the inaugural address which advocated "limited changes in the tariff," and their search of Mr. Hoover's pre-election statements on revision has revealed that the

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most clear-cut was one made in Boston on October 15. "With the shifting of economic tides, some items may be higher than necessary, but undoubtedly some are too low. This is particularly true so far as New England is concerned." There is hope in those words for all camps. Senator Watson is confident that the Republican leaders wish to meet the President's ideas, but the lid, once off, is not easily replaced. The descent of protectionists on Washington during the recent short session was close to an avalanche; and when a body is asked to consider, for example, the demands of orange growers who wish a tax levied on bananas so that the consumption of their product may be encouraged, the problem of limitation cannot well be ignored. Unfortunately the tariff is the particular property of politicians and too many seekers cannot be turned away from party plums. Congress is not in an enviable position.

COMMENT on Mr. Cuthbert Wright's discussion of liturgical music (of which the letters printed in this issue are merely a few samples) has been so lively that we are glad to notice that a new papal constitution deals with the subject in much the same way as did the Motu Proprio of Pius X. Eleven points are stressed, of which the following seem to be of general interest: All in charge of churches or religious institutions are instructed to "attribute the greatest importance to choral singing executed with precision and artistic skill." Instrumental music must be kept in a subordinate position, because the liturgy gives precedence to the human voice—that is, to the voices of the clergy, the singers and the people." The traditional musical instrument of the Church is the organ, but this must not be used to play distracting or worldly airs. Finally, the clergy are advised to instruct their congregations in liturgical singing whenever this is possible, so that the melancholy spectacle of liturgical questions which receive either no answer or a very imperfect one may cease. The constitution ends with a plea for schools of ecclesiastical music, and gives especial praise to the foundation established by Pius X. No doubt this new and authoritative pronouncement will do much to further reform.

Liturgical Reform

THE statement of Federal Judge Coleman, sitting in Brooklyn, in sentencing the first violator of the Jones law brought before him was a good illustration of the latitude permitted the judiciary in the imposition of penalties. It is to be remarked, too, that the scale which the Judge proclaimed as his future guide was immediately abandoned in sentencing the defendant. In Manhattan the government attorneys who were brought face to face with the opposition of the Coudert committee refused the combat. There an offender determined to fight his indictment under the new law was permitted to plead guilty to a charge of possessing liquor, which is only a misdemeanor. Federal attorneys were emphatic in their assertion that they were not backing down; but the facts hardly indicate a resolute standing up, since they had characterized the place where the defendant was alleged to have sold liquor, as a "vicious resort and a menace to the community." Meanwhile the example of the Coudert committee in New York City is being followed elsewhere. New defenses have been studied and it is not unreasonable to expect that the constitutionality of the law will be questioned before the Supreme Court in short order. Even among the ardent drys, many recognize that the Jones law imposes "excessive fines" and "cruel and unusual punishments" which are expressly forbidden under the Eighth Amendment. It remains to be seen if the Eighteenth Amendment is more sacrosanct.

Dr. Jones's First Prescriptions

THE remarkable Abbé Ludovic Gaurier, cartographer of the Pyrenees, is the first priest to be honored by the highest medal of the Topographical Society of France. It is a reward for the labor of some thirty years, during which Abbé Gaurier made important discoveries concerning the French and Spanish glaciers, studied and charted more than two hundred isolated lakes, and developed a method for calculating, months in advance, the quantity of water that would be available for hydro-electric and similar purposes in the summer. None of this work was accomplished without arduous physical exertions. For months he lived alone in a tent at an altitude of from five to nine thousand feet under difficult conditions, and on his journeys to the lakes he was accustomed to carry the most cumbersome equipment, including a folding boat, on his back. The most remarkable part about his career is that he began these labors when ill health forced him to resign his professorship at Pons, and to settle in the mountains for a rest. But he found his greatest strength in adversity, and thus accomplished his most notable deeds after his career as an active man had been declared at an end. We believe that the story of this priest should have a real interest for the world at large, apart from the scientific achievements which it records.

The Abbé of the Pyrenees

COAL was the chief topic of conversation at the recent regional meeting of the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems, held at Wheeling, West Virginia. If one be permitted to judge from reports, it proved an interesting subject which evoked a good deal of sound comment. The situation in the anthracite fields was summed up as one of peril, because of the fact that unemployment, attributable to a decrease in the demand for hard coal, is rapidly lessening the good effects of a steady wage rate. One speaker, the well-known Father Curran, reported a change in the attitude of local business and professional

Coal and Industrial Peace

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men to the mining situation. Whereas they have been inclined hitherto to side with the operators, they have come to see that the welfare of their communities rests on a basis of industrial peace and decent prosperity for all. The bituminous fields were described as being scenes of battle between chaotic and too numerous workers on the one hand and an aggressive monopoly on the other. Mr. P. F. Fagan, district president of the Pittsburgh United Mine Workers, held that a way out was suggested by the legislation now pending in Congress. This would effect a virtual reorganization of the business, would stress regional marketing and collective bargaining, and revise the use of injunctions. The Reverend John A. Ryan held that while too much ought not to be expected of this legislation, "it would probably accomplish more in that direction than any other measure or method that is now within the bounds of probability." The Conference discussed other aspects of the wage problem, but no doubt those present felt that they had been dealing primarily with coal.

THAT Irish art is fully abreast of Irish literature even though nobody seems to realize it was the theme of a short address given recently at the Irish Reading Circle (which meets at 75 Fifth Avenue, New York) by Mr. Patrick Tuohy. He is one of those interested in the exhibition of pictures by the younger artists of Erin, among which there have been included stained glass designs by Harry Clarke, held by many to be the greatest living artist in this medium. Mr. Tuohy made the interesting remark that Sir Hugh Lane's Dublin gallery had been planned to afford the same kind of centre for painting as the Abbey Theatre has provided for drama. After his death, however, the collection passed to London by reason of "a vague clause in his will." The artists themselves appear to have gone off in the same direction. "Scrutinizing the nationality of the best painters of the so-called English school," declared Mr. Tuohy, "one discovers that the majority of them are Irish. McEvoy, Kelly, Orpen, Lavery, Shannon and Russell belong to an Irish group but have merged into the British because of the lack of a rallying centre." Well, we hope that sundry exhibitions and other efforts will eventually enable the Celtic painters to conserve a large part, at least, of their identity.

Irish Art on Display

JUST as the first indolent breezes of spring are moving about these uncongenial climes, upsetting all one's wintry notions about the worth and dignity of labor, comes the Kew Bulletin with an article on life in Lord Howe Island by Dr. G. P. Darnell-Smith, director of the Botanical Gardens, Sydney, New South Wales. If Dr. Darnell-Smith is a truthful man, and we prefer to think he is, Lord Howe Island is another Eden, differing only in this: that it is not watered by Ganges, called for Gangeras, nor Nilus the troubled, nor Tigris, nor yet Euphrates, well-bearing. But it does have the South Seas all around, and life there is an expansive dream, seldom punctuated by reality. What Dr. Darnell-Smith actually says is that its inhabitants work only two weeks a year, and that on the rewards of that brief interim they live the rest of the time in luxury. It seems that the island has a monopoly on the seeds of the Kentia palms (Howes Belmoreana, Howes Forsteriana) proceeds from the sale of which are communally distributed. A few days in each season are given over to gathering in the seed, after which everyone retires to await the check. Oh, happy islanders; oh, blessed isle! This is the place that many great lords have sought and never found; of which even John Mandeville could not "speak properly," for he had not been there.

Arcady at Last

THE late Bishop Cheng, first prefect apostolic of Pu-Chi, has left an impress upon the clergy of his country, native and foreign alike, which will only be deepened as it becomes more apparent how closely the Church meets and fits into the spiritual needs and capacity of the Chinese. He will be remembered in occidental lands, too, we trust, long after the apostolate in China has been confided entirely to a native clergy, as the bishop who called himself a "little younger brother" of the missionaries. The affection in which he was personally held is well conveyed by Father B. J. Coveney, who describes him in the March issue of the Far East as "a tiny little figure to whose pattering, twinkling, silver-buckled shoes we shortened our strides . . . slim and boyish, eloquent of voice and of gesture, on whose features played a winsome smile that seemed to live in his words." Seeing him thus, the story of his long labors at the desk and in the difficult mission field must have appeared incredible. One hopes that when his life comes to be written, the chronicle will end with his own wish for Bishop Galvin: "May his work expand and flow on forever like the waters of the Han, and his zeal for the salvation of souls illumine the world like the light of the sun."

Bishop Cheng of Pu-Chi

MOUNT MARY COLLEGE, erected by the School Sisters of Notre Dame in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is one of the latest additions to the number of schools for women now dotting the country. Doubtless a new institution must have something special to offer, apart from the service it can render to families in the immediate vicinity. In the present case several important advantages have been secured. The first is hard preliminary labor by the sisters themselves to equip a number of teachers with the training and experience needed. Secondly, the college has appointed as its chancelor—or what is virtually

A New College for Women

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its chief pilot—a layman familiar with the problems and aspirations of collegiate educaton. Dr. Edward A. Fitzpatrick, associated with the school history of Wisconsin in a dozen ways and with the general progress of scholastic effort in as many more, has outlined and is supervising the working out of a program which deserves wide attention. Particularly interesting are the proposed methods of student supervision and use of initiative.

Death to Corn-Borers

PATROLLING the roads of the Middle-West last year, the militia of various states so easily and effectively checked the removal of corn from areas ravaged by the devastating corn-borer that more than one motorist was led to ponder on what might happen if prohibition officers were half so vigilant. Yet now we learn that the Department of Agriculture is not entirely satisfied with the results. True, the campaign helped infinitely to keep the pest within bounds, but it contributed nothing toward its extermination. And so the Department plans to make things easy, during the approaching season, for the farmers to spread parasites which will seek out and devour corn-borers. The only real difficulty is that the parasites are of European origin, and unaccustomed to the rigors of the American climate. During the first winter after they have been introduced, only the sturdiest are expected to survive. In the summer following, these will be crossed with others brought from Europe, and thus it is expected to develop gradually a breed hardy enough to take care of themselves without the further patronage of man. Of course more than a few years will be required to turn the trick, but the Department is both patient and determined, and we may look forward with confidence to a time when the corn-borer will decide that life is not worth living.

MR. BORAH'S BIG GUNS

THE promptness and vigor with which Mr. Borah and his irreconcilables have attacked the Root plan for adherence is in itself likely to make the coming conflict in the Senate appear more serious than it is. Indeed it is a little difficult to see on what more substantial grounds an adverse action may be anticipated than the personal energies of Mr. Borah. But even he is not always successful in making something out of nothing, and that is almost a definition of his stand in proclaiming that the Root plan is an entirely new proposition, separate and distinct from the reservations which the Senate attached to its vote for adherence three years ago, and therefore to be voted upon as such. In effect, the troublesome Reservation 5 declares that the League Council may not ask an advisory opinion of the World Court, without our consent, on any issue in which we assume an interest. This, of course, satisfies all who fear that the World Court and the League of Nations are merely two ways of saying the same thing, and that in joining one we are subjecting ourselves to the influence and power of the other. As modified by the Root plan, our assent retains for us the right to protest against such a request, and should the Council act over it, we would be free to withdraw from the Court.

The joker in the Senate debate is almost sure to be that while Mr. Borah contends that the modification is an entirely new condition, Mr. Swanson, the author of Reservation 5, declares himself satisfied with it. What this does is give to all those in favor of adherence to the Court an argument of the kind best suited to enlist public opinion. "Swanson likes it, doesn't he?" is the superficial rejoinder which may be expected to prove more effective than the weight of solid and reasonable argument which the defense will build up against the onslaught of Idaho.

That campaign will by no means be simple and direct. It will fight, first of all, for delays and postponements; it will attempt to embarrass the administration and Mr. Root; it will particularly attempt to embarrass Geneva. It can accomplish this by transferring from the executive to the Senate the power to protest against advisory opinions, and by similar amendments which will require that adherents to the Court pass once more upon the proposals of the United States, a process which will probably end by their rejecting those proposals as they did three years ago. For further effect, note the irreconcilables, a manly protest could be entered against considering the document in the Senate before it has been approved by the forthcoming assembly of the nations at Madrid. Or, as a thrust at mollycoddles, some effective criticism might be made of the proviso that, should the United States withdraw, it will do so "without any imputation of unfriendliness or unwillingness to coöperate generally for peace and good-will." Are we not, possibly, binding ourselves to be unduly meek, is the question that might be asked.

With an extremely popular administration against him Mr. Borah is almost certain to lose, but he may find some personal satisfaction in the fact that no name in the United States is so able as his to disturb the peace of Geneva or the Hague. Certainly it was his shadow over the conference tables, it was the thought of his big guns round the corner, that accounts for some of the hesitancy which Mr. Root had to overcome. It was not a major factor, of course, but it was a little, irritating contribution to the great fear that acceptance of the American reservations might mean the crippling of the Court's value in rendering advisory opinions. How well Mr. Root accomplished his task may be seen both in the statement of Signor Anzilotti, president of the Court, that "we have met the objections of the United States, and have at the same time safeguarded the vital interests of the League, the Labor Office, and those concerned with advisory opinions," and in the general confidence at Geneva that the modifications will quickly be accepted by the United States.

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DANIEL AMONG THE LIONS

MR. JOHN MACRAE, president of the Dutton publishing enterprise, has raised an issue which deserves a fair chance to get out into the open and fight. Having brought Mr. Henry Williamson's Pathway, a novel of English country life, before the public, he was deeply moved at finding that the Book of the Month Club preferred The Cradle of the Deep, a series of travel episodes scribbled down by a rather pert young lady whose name is Joan Lowell. It seemed to Mr. Macrae that his find was of a quality decidedly superior to what was then being dispatched to more than half a hundred thousand mortals, eager to read the book they had been told was best. At last, unable to restrain himself further, he wrote a letter in which the authority of the club was challenged. We believe that Mr. Macrae is right about the Williamson novel. It is written with distinction, is full of first-hand, impressive information about the human being, and enshrines (incidentally) two of the finest feminine portraits we have come upon in a good while. But all this is to no purpose. Dr. Henry Seidel Canby sent an epistle to the New York Times, in behalf of the club, in which he asserted that the monthly choice was not "the" book of the hour, but simply a volume likely to suit 100,000 persons.

This statement gives an entirely different impression of the club than had been conveyed by its advertising. Therein the portraits of sundry illustrious judges created a distinct impression that they scrutinized every month's output anxiously to see precisely what would ennoble, educate and charm a crowd of soul-hungry intellectuals. Naturally enough, no such edifying spectacle has ever seen the cold, hard light of common day. The most anybody could expect was that after the preliminary choice had been made by those responsible for keeping the concern going, the illustrious supreme court would see whether they could approve. But now Mr. Canby assures us they cannot endorse anything which "fails to satisfy." In short, the whole thing has traveled the way of all commercial enterprise: the real judges are not the people who get their pictures taken, but the group of subscribers who would not renew if they had not been pleased.

From some points of view this result of more than a year's activity cannot be inveighed against. After all, books which please are read, books which fail to please are not read, in spite of all that criticism can do. The club has managed, at all events, to sell large quantities of current literature, and may even have helped to inoculate some people with the reading habit. But these virtues are offset by a number of regrettable facts, most of them stressed by Mr. Macrae in a still more recent letter.

First, the cultural effect as such is to standardize American reading, precisely because the selection is buttressed by authority. Very few of the subscribers read more than one book a month, or at any rate buy more than one. Moreover, a similarity of tone pervades almost all the selections made, so that eventually a certain kind of literature becomes the vogue. It is possible, in most cases, to predict from publishers' advance lists exactly what book will be starred by a given club.

Secondly, the economic aspects of selling printed matter control the literary output of an age to a far greater extent than is usually imagined. What author, no matter how gifted, can fight against poverty and silence for very long? And how can he escape from either unless his book can be recommended, advertised and sold? Now, according to Mr. Macrae, there is reason to believe that when a prominent club selects a book, the publishers are expected "to give a discount of at least 70 percent and in some instances more"; that the same publisher is expected to conduct an extensive advertising campaign; and that "a large part of the author's royalties are cut off." In other words, the club as a book-selling agency is proving decidedly costly even in its own circle. But if it succeeds in standardizing literature, what chance has a writer whose work does not happen to be what five judges here or five judges there may think "sure to please"?

Finally, of what earthly use is criticism (excepting in the field of scholarly books) when a dozen judges, backed up by powerful advertising campaigns and the gullibility of the public, determine (in spite of an inherent subterfuge) what is "best"? For example, we maintain against all comers that Victim and Victor, by John Rathbone Oliver, is the most significant American novel to have appeared this season. And yet it was not even mentioned by any of the "agencies of enlightenment" above referred to. We believe further that Professor Rand's Founders of the Middle-Ages would do more to illumine prevailing intellectual darkness than all the "scholarly and epoch-making volumes" published by all the literary rotaries combined. Yet when it gets a mention from any of them, we shall all be a great deal older than we are now. Some of the prevailing choices are, of course, admirable. But to rely indefinitely upon the coincidence of high-powered salesmanship and excellent product, would be to display a really baffling innocence of mind.

Naturally one cannot lay all the blame upon any one organization. The publishers themselves are largely responsible for the present situation, because they preferred momentary advantages to corporate action, and because their methods have in many cases fallen far behind the times. Finally, the critic who now feels a steam-roller passing over his expiring body may be moved to do penance for past offenses—for blurbing beyond measure, for currying favor with bookmen and authors, and for writing with his tongue in his cheek. Attila is always the scourge one has summoned with a hearty invitation. But we have now come to a pass where discussion is eminently necessary and reform a matter of saving our literary souls.

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WHO SHALL OBEY THE LAW?

By JOHN A. RYAN

Recently Senator Borah declared (and the President's inaugural address was in virtual agreement with his remarks) that a constitutional mandate is always morally obligatory until repealed. In the following paper Father Ryan, whose status as a moral theologian needs no demonstration, arrives at totally different conclusions, primarily as regards the Eighteenth Amendment. His argument is, we think, worthy of very careful consideration. Father Ryan believes that current discussion of the problem is marred by error and exaggeration, and pleads for a reasonable public opinion.—The Editors.

THE press of the country seems to be unanimous in the judgment that the President's declarations on law enforcement and law observance constitute the most prominent and most definite part of his inaugural address. With most of what he said on these subjects the large majority of citizens would be disposed to agree. The prevalence of crime, the disregard of law, the need for drastic improvements in the federal machinery of justice, are all pretty obvious. But when President Hoover turns from these topics to that of popular responsibility, he lays down two or three propositions which are extremely questionable.

"The worst evil of disregard for some law," he says, "is that it destroys respect for all law." This is a very considerable exaggeration. That persistent and wide-spread disobedience of a particular law has some influence in weakening respect for law in general, is undoubtedly true. That it "destroys" respect for law in general is an assertion that lacks the support of experience. To take only one example, there are the so-called Blue Laws which have been generally disregarded for decades in several of our states without producing any notable lack of reverence for law in general. While it is probable that wide-spread violation of the prohibition laws has dulled to some extent the perception of the binding force of other federal legislation, this result probably affects only a small proportion of those who feel at liberty to disobey the Volstead Act and the Eighteenth Amendment. Probably the great majority of those who purchase and possess intoxicating liquor make a very clear distinction between the moral validity of the prohibition laws and that of other federal enactments.

"If citizens do not like the law, their duty as honest men and women is to discourage its violation; their right is openly to work for its repeal." In other words, "honest men and women" are obliged not only to refrain from violating a law which they do not like, but also to discourage its violation by others so long as it remains on the statute books. The only relief morally lawful to them is through repeal of the obnoxious legislation. In his speech on the Jones Bill a few weeks ago, Senator Borah expressed this opinion in even stronger terms. The enforcement of the prohibition laws, he declared, involves "the existence of our government." The distinguished Senator from Idaho, who is always eloquent but not always either logical or profound, denied the right of the individual to disregard a law which that individual believes to be wrong, and went on to say that "what is contained in the Amendment is right under our form of government until the people revise their judgment," and that "the highest evidence of morality is to obey the law which the people have written." In view of the long-continued disregard by Congress of that part of the Fourteenth Amendment which requires the congressional representation of a state to be reduced proportionately whenever the right to vote is denied to any of its adult male citizens, and in view of the equally long-continued and flagrant disregard of the Fifteenth Amendment by several southern states, the Senator's fearful assertion that "the existence of the government" is dependent upon the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, sounds a trifle reckless. President Hoover's milder language expressing the same thought is equally unconvincing. The ethical propositions laid down by Senator Borah to the effect that it is never right to violate a civil law, that a constitutional amendment is always morally right and morally binding until it is repealed, are false propositions. President Hoover subscribes to these propositions, at least by implication.

That the citizens are obliged to obey civil laws, even those that they do not like, is true in general, but not necessarily true in every case. While the presumption is always in favor of the moral binding force of a duly enacted law, whether organic or statutory, there are exceptions. Suppose that the law imposes grave hardship upon a considerable minority or even a majority of the citizens; suppose that it cannot be repealed for many years; suppose further that the net effect of the law is injurious rather than beneficial to the community as a whole. In these circumstances is it reasonable to impose upon the citizens the moral obligation of obedience? This appears to have been the situation with regard to the Blue Laws. When the forces of fanaticism made formal repeal impossible, the mass of the citizens repealed these obnoxious statutes by indirection, that is, by persistently disobeying them. Thus they created a custom contrary to the law, and customary law of this sort is quite as valid as formally enacted statutes. So, at least, we are informed by the canonists and the moral theologians. The Congress of the United States and the people of the southern states have been unwilling or unable to repeal the provisions, respectively, of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments referred to above; neverthe-

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less they have not felt obliged to maintain these portions of the constitution. They have simply disobeyed them. Is it not just possible that in a similar situation, disregard of the Volstead Act and the Eighteenth Amendment will be at least equally reasonable and equally free from moral blame?

What is the legal situation respecting these two enactments? Those provisions of the Volstead Act which forbid a person to manufacture, transport or possess liquor for his own use have been virtually repealed by the enforcement officers; rarely do they any longer prosecute for these offenses persons who are known to refrain from selling liquor to others. Of course these tyrannical provisions never had a shadow of validity in morals. The Volstead Act as a whole could, of course, be repealed or modified by a majority vote of Congress. Outright repeal without any substitute legislation is obviously impracticable. The only modification consistent with the Eighteenth Amendment would be an increase in the alcoholic content of beer. A beverage of that nature containing not more than 4 percent alcohol might be construed by the Supreme Court as non-intoxicating, and it would probably satisfy the thirst of many thousands of drinkers. In order to be at all suitable or desirable, wine would have to contain such a high content of alcohol that it could not honestly be interpreted as non-intoxicating by any court. Of course whisky and all other spirituous liquors have sufficient alcohol to intoxicate.

The utmost relief attainable through modification of the Volstead Act is, therefore, a mild beer which would be satisfactory to probably only a small proportion of those who are opposed to the prohibition legislation. Nor is this the worst of the situation. A few months ago Professor Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins University declared that the American people want prohibition and also want their liquor. A few weeks ago a representative from one of the southern states admitted in the United States Senate that the great majority of his constituents were either making or buying intoxicants, and yet were opposed to any change in the prohibition laws. Reports from at least three other southern states indicate that the same curious attitude is pretty general. This, of course, is rank hypocrisy. It is probably the most discouraging fact in the whole deplorable situation. If all those who drink and who want to drink would vote for whatever modification of the Volstead Act is constitutionally practicable, there would be some hope for at least a slight measure of relief. So long, however, as great masses of the people want both prohibition and liquor, practical politics offer no sane solution.

The only adequate way out, therefore, is through repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. This is the eventuality which President Hoover asks those who do not like prohibition legislation to wait for, but this is even more impracticable than modification of the Volstead Act. Any thirteen states can prevent repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, even though these states contain less than 7 percent of the American people. That thirteen or more states will oppose repeal long after the great majority of the whole population becomes favorable to that change, is about as certain as any contingency in the field of politics. Indeed, the prohibition leaders openly boast that the Eighteenth Amendment can never be repealed.

The nature of constitutional prohibition clearly deprives it of all claims to respect by liberty-loving citizens and believers in the democratic principle. The forces that drove through the Eighteenth Amendment were not content with an enabling act. They insisted upon putting into the constitution a prohibition statute. It is practically the only provision in the constitution which is addressed to individuals, which restricts individual liberty, and it is absolutely the only one which confers police power upon the national government. To be sure, none of these objections is necessarily fatal. In the development of the nation's life and experience, conditions might arise which would justify changing the constitution in all these respects from its scope as contemplated by the men who sat in the Constitutional Convention. The unforgivable offense committed in the Eighteenth Amendment is the fact that it is a legislative statute rather than an enabling act. National prohibition could have been brought about by an amendment empowering Congress to legislate the liquor traffic out of existence. Had this course been taken, the Amendment would undoubtedly have been adopted and Congress would undoubtedly have enacted such legislation. This procedure would at least have been democratic, even though it would have been unwise. The unwisdom could have been corrected through subsequent repeal of the law by a majority of the two houses in Congress. In that event, the President's demand that the people observe the prohibition law until they could muster a majority for its repeal would have had a considerable appearance of reasonableness.

The forces that drove the Eighteenth Amendment through Congress were unwilling to give the citizens this option and this opportunity. They were unwilling to entrust the fate of prohibition to future Congresses. The insisted upon trampling underfoot the principle of majority rule. They indulged the fond and futile hope that if repeal could be made impossible for two or three generations, the majority of the people would forget all about the appetite for liquor. In other words, they felt that they had to protect the people against their own folly. They believed that they knew what the people needed better than the people themselves could judge, and that, as persons of superior wisdom and superior moral principles, they had a right to impose their will upon the majority and to deprive them of the democratic instrument of majority rule. This has always been the attitude of the tory mind, and it deserves as little consideration from free and self-respecting men as any other kind of toryism has ever deserved anywhere. In a word,

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the Eighteenth Amendment is in direct and flagrant contradiction to the principles of democracy.

Until the prohibitionists are willing to take statutory prohibition out of the constitution, until they are willing to convert the Eighteenth Amendment into a mere enabling act, they stand convicted of contempt for democracy. Until they do this, their invocation of "the will of the people" and similar slogans on behalf of the prohibition laws will remain a kind of blasphemy and a very real hypocrisy. They themselves will continue to deserve the contempt of all genuine believers in democracy and the Eighteenth Amendment will continue to be a thing for scorn.

Here then is a challenge to the sincerity and the democracy of the Anti-saloon League and all other organized forces that are preventing any rational solution of the prohibition problem. Let them announce themselves in favor of the democratization of the Eighteenth Amendment. After the change has been brought about, they can devote their energies to the election of Congresses pledged to prohibition by congressional, instead of constitutional, statute. If the prohibition leaders are successful in that effort, they can invoke the principle of majority rule without hypocrisy or stultification.

Suppose that a very considerable majority of the people of the United States should clearly manifest a desire for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Would President Hoover still contend that they were obliged to "discourage its violation" and work for and wait for its repeal at some time in the indefinite future? Suppose that only a minority of the people, but a very considerable minority, are at the present time opposed to prohibition, upon what ground can President Hoover or anyone else contend that they are under such obligation? Neither the Eighteenth Amendment nor the Volstead Act forbids the *purchase* of intoxicating liquors. There is, therefore, no definite *legal* obligation upon the citizens to refrain from such purchases. Of course, the President is well aware of this legal situation. What he seeks to do is to convey the impression that "honest men and women" are under some vague and general constraint of civic decency to refrain from purchasing or consuming intoxicating liquors. In view of the origin and nature of the Eighteenth Amendment as described above, one is justified in refusing to accept this assumed obligation of civic decency. If someone objects that thirsty citizens are under *moral* obligation to refrain from coöperating with those who illegally sell liquor, the sufficient reply is that the law does not impose upon them even the legal obligation of such self-denial, and it is a maxim of both the canon and the civil law that burdensome and penal provisions are to be interpreted narrowly and strictly. If the makers of the prohibition legislation wanted to penalize the purchaser as well as the seller, they should have framed the laws accordingly. This very proposal was offered in Congress recently as an amendment to the Jones Bill, but it was rejected by a very large majority, even of the prohibition membership.

What course is open to the millions of "honest men and women" who detest the tyranny and toryism of national prohibition? Are they utterly powerless to remove or mitigate the abomination? By no means. They can continue to denounce the anti-democratic character of the Eighteenth Amendment and the enormous evils that it has inflicted upon American society. They can continue to demand referendums on modification and repeal. If they buy liquor they can feel assured that they are violating no civil law; if they make and keep it for their own use, they need have no fear that they are transgressing any moral law. When a considerable majority of the people have made evident their desire to take the Eighteenth Amendment out of the constitution, one of two things will soon happen: the undemocratic minority will subordinate their fanaticism to their patriotism and permit the repeal of the prohibition amendment; or those states that favor repeal will make their own definitions of intoxicating liquor, including whatever beverages they wish to include, and adopting the arrangement which all but two of the provinces of Canada have put in the place of prohibition. When the stubbornness and tyranny of the prohibitionist minority has forced that policy upon a considerable number of the more populous states, the Supreme Court may be relied upon to find reasons either for pronouncing these extraordinary definitions of intoxicants constitutional or for declaring that the question of definition is a "political" one and as such beyond the Court's province. In that critical situation, the Supreme Court will hardly stand in the way of majority rule and public welfare. It will follow public sentiment rather than legal precedents, just as it did when it first upheld a state prohibition law, in the case of Mugler vs. Kansas.

Despite the President's admonition and censure, the law-abiding opponents of prohibition may possess their souls in patience. They can derive consolation and courage from the reflection that they are battling for fundamental democracy, for majority rule, for the vanquishment of fanaticism, intolerance and toryism, for security against prohibition of tobacco, against the Puritan Sabbath, against compulsory birth control for the poor, against sterilization for "social inadequates," and against all the other tyrannies that the self-righteous and superior sections of our population would impose upon their "inferior" fellow-citizens. Every one of these outrageous proposals is due fundamentally to the same attitude of mind and the same disposition of will that produced the Eighteenth Amendment. In a word, the "honest men and women" who actively oppose prohibition in all lawful ways can rightfully feel that they are engaged in a great crusade for fundamental liberties, for liberties that are not a whit less sacred and precious than those which were fought for by the men who made the American Revolution.

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ITALY AND THE VATICAN AGREE

II. THE SETTLEMENT

By CARLTON J. H. HAYES

IF THE conflict between the Papacy and the Italian government, which endured from 1870 to 1929, had the advantage of maintaining the Pope's international position outside of Italy, it was attended by disadvantages within Italy for both Church and state. It meant, strictly speaking, that a choice of masters was posited to the mass of Italians, who were both Catholic and patriotic. If they obeyed the Pope, they could not be good citizens, and if they were good citizens they could not be good Catholics. Of course, most of them refused to face the dilemma: they did their duty by the state, and still called themselves Catholics. But such behavior promoted an advance of religious indifferentism and enabled the radical elements of the country to exert disproportionate influence on the Italian government. The services of many intelligent and upright Catholic Italians were not utilized by the state, and on the other hand the radical leaders disturbed the Church throughout the kingdom in many ways and reduced Cavour's formula of "a free church within a free state" to the practical operation of a despised and enslaved church within an anti-clerical middle-class state. Prior to 1915, at least, the state lacked moral stamina and suffered from mismanagement and corruption, while the Church seemed to be steadily losing its hold on the Italian people.

There can be no doubt that the world war tended to change matters. All manner of Italians were newly knit together in a common cause, Italian supporters of the Pope for the first time stood shoulder to shoulder with Italian supporters of the national government. And the rounding out of Italian territory by the redeeming of Trieste and the Trentino sent a great nationalist thrill through the country. But many influential patriots began to perceive that Italy could not really be one and indivisible until a great remaining source of national disunity should be removed, and a permanent settlement should supplant the modus vivendi between Pope and king, between Church and state.

Of this number is Benito Mussolini. His rise to fame and power may appear at first sight strange and perhaps miraculous. But he would not be in power and would not have his fame, were he not an expression of a great and wide-spread will of the Italian people—the will to put the house in order, to go to work, to have done with theories, and to view things realistically and practically. How Mussolini and the Fascist régime of which he is the head have carried this national will into execution, it is not for me here to explain or to judge, except in one instance. It is he and his régime who have boldly tackled the Roman question and have provided the latest and perhaps the best solution of it.

For, granting the will of the majority of the Italian people and the earnest desire of the Pope to effect a just settlement of the Roman question, Mussolini is the first Italian statesman who has had the daring to depart from the traditional policy of the Italian government and to make basic concessions to the Papacy. And it is to the credit of Mussolini's diplomatic tact, as well as to that of Cardinal Gasparri's, that negotiations, difficult, delicate and protracted, have eventuated in the treaty and concordat of February 11, 1929.

The treaty is the more important of the two documents by reason of its nature and its content. It is a solemn agreement between two sovereign powers, affecting their international relations and fully binding in international law. The treaty contains these provisions: (1) Italy recognizes the complete and absolute sovereignty of the Pope over the so-called "City of the Vatican," including the palace of the Vatican, its gardens, and the basilica and square of Saint Peter's; (2) Italy accords the right of extraterritoriality to certain church buildings and to edifices used for offices or dwellings by persons having official relations with the Pope, for example, cardinals and diplomatic representatives; and, in return (3) the Pope recognizes the kingdom of Italy, under the dynasty of Savoy, with Rome as its capital, and accepts this treaty as a definitive and irrevocable settlement of the Roman question.

It should be apparent that the treaty represents a very real compromise based on a mutually sympathetic consideration of the aspirations of Italy, the Papacy and the Catholic world. Neither of the parties realizes its extreme claims; each concedes something important. The Pope finally relinquishes his claim to temporal sovereignty over Rome—the Rome which his predecessors ruled for more than eleven centuries. Italy abandons its policy of treating the Bishop of Rome as a guest and formally surrenders to him in full sovereignty a significant bit of the eternal city. Henceforth there will be two cities and two independent states adjoining each other on the bank of the Tiber: the large city of Rome, the capital of the Italian nation; and the tiny city of the Vatican, the capital and sovereign state of the Papacy.

The Vatican city is small; it embraces only the equivalent of a few city blocks and only a few inhabitants. Probably the Pope might have obtained more extensive surrounding territory, if he had been interested in temporal sovereignty for its own sake. He

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apparently, in this modern age, does not hanker after the cares and responsibility of civil government; not only is he content with a tiny state, but he is reported as concluding a special convention with Italy whereby Italian courts will administer justice in the Vatican city. He clearly manifests a resolve to subordinate local politics and temporalities to his universal spiritual mission.

Yet the Vatican city, tiny as it is, is now, in international law, unquestionably the Pope's. He no longer holds it at the sufferance of the Italian government or in accordance with an Italian law; he holds it now by virtue of an international treaty. And this fact must be reassuring to the Catholic world as well as to the Pope. Catholics outside of Italy now have proof that their spiritual head is a subject of no prince, a citizen of no country. They are promised free access to him. They can doubly respect him as the non-national guide of a truly international society. Incidentally, it may be remarked that no zealous group of foreign Catholics is likely henceforth to forward any intrigue against the safety and peace of Italy.

The treaty is of importance to the whole world. On the other hand, the concordat, signed in the palace of the Lateran simultaneously with the signing of the treaty, has a more restricted significance. It is but one of numerous agreements (the so-called "concordats") which for centuries have been arrived at between the Pope and particular foreign governments for the regulation of relations between Church and state in matters common to both. The concordat of February 11, 1929, is such an agreement for the specific regulation of relations between the Italian government and the Catholic Church in Italy. It has national importance for Italy, but only incidental significance for Catholics and other persons outside of Italy. It should be borne in mind, however, that in the minds of the negotiators, the general treaty and the special concordat are inseparable parts of a far-reaching settlement; the Pope's renunciation of Rome by the treaty is partly compensated for by concessions made by the concordat to the Catholic Church in Italy.

Curiously enough, it is the concordat rather than the treaty which has attracted chief notice outside of Italy. Perhaps this is because the foreign press, particularly the American press, deduced from the first published synopsis of the concordat the startling and sensational information that Italy was about to substitute for its own civil law the entire canon law of the Church! If this had been correct, it would have meant that Church courts would supplant civil courts, that the direction of Italy would really pass from the Fascists to the bishops! But it is not correct. It is, indeed, the veriest nonsense.

Even if we did not have the text of the concordat, we could be sure that the Pope, to say nothing of Mussolini, has had no thought of making the canon law the sole law of Italy. The canon law is the law of the Church and concerns only such matters as fall within the spiritual jurisdiction of the Church; it presupposes the existence of civil law, that is, of state law, for a multitude of social, economic, political and temporal matters which lie quite outside the jurisdiction of the Church. The canon law may be a supplement to the civil law; it can never be a substitute for the civil law.

The text of the concordat now before us makes this point perfectly clear. The document mentions the canon law rarely and quite incidentally. The only real concessions to it by the Italian state are: (1) the general recognition of the liberty of the Catholic Church in Italy to govern *itself* in accordance with canon law, and (2) some promises that certain specific civil laws at variance with the canon law will be repealed. Of these laws, the most important, apparently, are laws relating to marriage. Marriage is for Catholics a sacrament, and as such is regulated by the canon law, and under this law Catholics are married in the presence of a priest. But the civil law of Italy has prescribed for some time that marriages of Italian citizens must be performed by civil magistrates. Consequently, Catholic Italians have had to be married twice: once by the civil magistrate, and once by the priest. Henceforth, however, under the concordat, separate civil marriages of Catholics will no longer be required and canon-law marriages will be valid in civil law. In other words, the Catholic Church acquires in Italy the right it already has in the United States of having its marriages recognized by the state as legal. Non-Catholics in Italy, as in the United States, can still be married by civil magistrates, without recourse to a priest.

In Italy, unlike the United States, the civil law does not provide for divorce, and in this respect the Italian civil law is already in conformity with canon law. It is reported that by the concordat the state recognizes the legality of such annulments of marriage as may be granted by ecclesiastical courts in accordance with canon law, and that the Church recognizes the legality of such separations, either temporary or permanent, as may be decreed by state courts in accordance with civil law.

No "benefit of clergy" in the mediaeval sense of the phrase is established by the concordat. Ecclesiastics are still liable to trial by civil courts under civil laws. It is provided merely (Article 8) that the civil government shall communicate the trial record and sentence of any clergyman to his ecclesiastical superior, and that the state shall imprison convicted clergymen in places separate from those designated for laymen, unless the clergymen shall have been degraded by their ecclesiastical superiors.

Another matter dealt with is the appointment of bishops and priests in Italy. Hitherto the Italian government has insisted on its right to veto the appointment of any bishop to a see or of any priest to a parish. The concordat provides in principle for the free appointment of bishops by the Pope, and of priests

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by the bishops. This general principle is the same as obtains today in the United States, but the concordat qualifies it in Italy in two respects: (1) The Pope, before appointing an Italian bishop, must inform the Italian government who is to be appointed, so that the government, if it has any political objections to the nominee, may make them known; (2) An Italian bishop, upon his appointment, must take a special oath of allegiance to the Italian government. This oath reads as follows:

> Before God and on the holy Gospels, I swear and promise to respect, and to cause my clergy to respect, the king and the government established by the constitutional laws of the state; I swear and promise that I will not participate in any policy or agreement dangerous to the state or to public order, that I will not permit the clergy to participate in such, and that, devoting myself to the welfare of the Italian state, I will strive to avoid every evil that may threaten it.

Still another matter treated of is education. The concordat provides that religious instruction shall be given to Catholic children in the primary and secondary public schools by special instructors selected by the bishops and approved and paid by the government. Non-Catholic children, it is assumed, are to be exempted from such religious instruction.

Finally, the concordat recognizes the right of the Church and religious communities to acquire, hold and dispose of property in Italy in much the same way as we are familiar with in the United States. It appears that in respect of property, as in most other respects, the Catholic Church in Italy has secured by the concordat only such rights as any church in the United States enjoys under ordinary American law. Only in its interesting prescriptions about religious education does the concordat go farther than our American experience. In its requirements about the appointment of bishops the concordat actually falls short of our American practice of religious liberty.

Such, in brief, are the chief points in the agreements of February 11, 1929. In a word, the treaty settles the Roman question by establishing a free state alongside of a national state, while the concordat regulates the relations between Church and state on the basis of a free church within a free state.

Certain general comments may be ventured on the significance of the outcome. In the first place, Italy has completed her national unification. From the Papacy, Italy has obtained a belated but full and free recognition of her national achievements, of her right to Rome as an integral part and as the capital of her national territory. From the Church, moreover, Italy has secured a pledge that there will no longer be ecclesiastical grounds for a divided allegiance of her citizens. The Pope and the Catholic Church in Italy have made terms with Italian nationalism, and henceforth in Italy a good Catholic can be a good citizen and a good citizen can be a good Catholic.

Secondly, Italy has shown that nationalism can make terms with internationalism, and thereby has given a hopeful and helpful omen for the future peace of the world. Italy is a highly centralized state, a highly nationalist state, a Fascist state that in some quarters is deemed madly ultra-nationalist; and yet Italy voluntarily cuts out of her own national territory a patch of ground traditionally dear to her and concedes it to a foreign sovereign, and she makes this sacrifice of nationalist principle for the sake of an international institution and in deference to public opinion throughout the world.

Thirdly, Pope Pius XI has demonstrated that the Papacy of the twentieth century appreciates the modern changed conditions of politics, economics, culture and society, that it does not dream of a political theocracy or content itself with negative protests, that it insists on only such temporal power for itself as is strictly necessary to render it independent of any nation, and that outside of the tiny Vatican state it insists on only such rights for the Catholic Church as shall make it a free spiritual agency in the civil society of modern nations.

In the moderation of the agreements is the surest pledge of their permanence. I know full well that critics of Mussolini or of the Papacy or of both are whispering that the agreements are intended to secure clerical support for Fascism, and that the inevitable future reaction against Fascism will be attended by a reaction against its ally, Catholicism. I have even heard it said that the agreements are a sign that Mussolini and the Pope are conspiring to restore the Holy Roman Empire of the middle-ages, and that the democratic nations of the world will rise up in wrath against both conspirators. How preposterous! Both Mussolini and Pius XI must be credited with enough intelligence to know that they could not reëstablish a Holy Roman Empire if they would, and the whole background and spirit of the settlement of 1929 should convince the unprejudiced person that they wouldn't if they could.

I do not find in treaty or concordat any indication of undue reliance of the Pope or of the Catholic Church on Fascism. The Pope, by the treaty, is definitely put outside of Italy, outside of Fascist Italy. The Italian Church by the concordat gains greater freedom from the Fascist government than it has had before. On the other hand, it may be argued that the Fascist government requires special promises of support from Italian bishops, and that this fact, together with the credit accruing to Mussolini for having settled the Roman question and for having conferred benefits upon the Church throughout the country, will tend to make of the Italian clergy zealous advocates of the existing political régime in Italy. It may be so, but it is not certainly so. If it is so, and *if* Fascism eventually disappears, changes of detail may then be effected in the concordat —changes about education, about property, etc.— but hardly changes in the liberal principles which underlie the present document. And the Pope himself

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has received so little territory from the Fascist government that any future Italian government will scarcely be tempted to take it from him, especially since he now holds it in international right.

Outside of Italy and the tiny papal state, the agreements affect no one directly. Catholics everywhere are relieved that the Roman question has been settled, and that the spiritual head of their Church is free and independent. But only Italian Catholics will be brought under the operation of the concordat, and only the few hundred inhabitants of the Vatican city will owe political allegiance to the Pope. Catholics in the United States, in France, in Germany and in all other lands will continue in the future to owe sole political and civil allegiance to their respective nations. The Pope becomes the temporal ruler of an area one-sixth the size of New York's Central Park; throughout the rest of the broad world, his dominion is purely spiritual.

Will the papal state become a member of the League of Nations? Probably not. As a temporal state, it is too insignificant. It is much smaller in area and population than San Marino, Andorra or Monaco, and these sovereign states are not members of the League. The one significant feature of the papal state is that it permits the head of a world religion to exercise his spiritual functions independently of any particular nation or group of nations. The Papacy, which has demonstrated by its treaty with Italy its own desire to reduce its temporal responsibilities to a minimum, would hesitate to add to them by adhering to the covenant of the League of Nations.

By the treaty, the Pope expressly declares that the Papacy,

> while reserving the right to exercise its moral and spiritual power, wishes to remain and will remain extraneous to all temporal disputes between states and to international congresses held for such objects, unless the contending parties make concordant appeal to its peaceful mission,

and Italy agrees therefore that the Vatican state "will always and in every case be considered neutral and inviolable." In view of these solemn engagements, it seems certain that if the Papacy joins the League of Nations, it will be for spiritual rather than for temporal reasons, and because the League wishes to have the Pope as a member and is willing to make necessary exceptions in his favor.

Whether the Pope becomes a member of the League, or, as is much more probable, remains outside of it, the Papacy is in a better position after its treaty with Italy, than before, to forward the ideals of peace and justice in the world. Indeed, the ideal of true internationalism has, in my opinion, been brought a step nearer to realization by the new freedom which Italy has now solemnly accorded to the chief bishop of a great international spiritual republic.

THOMAS WALSH: AN APPRECIATION

By EDWARD L. KEYES

THERE are so few people whose memory is pure joy. The world is full of noble souls, saints, scientists, adventurers it could ill spare. But we daily mortals who amble our selfish and dingy way through life see little of the cloistered ones, and our breath gives out upon the mountain tops. Shelter and safety we clamor for, excepting in our rare moments of imperfect illumination. Then we seek for beauty. Beauty, which in the nineties, when Thomas and I were young, walked abroad in trailing skirts and puff sleeves and teetering hats—nay, in bustles at the very earliest, while at home it nestled often in "Turkish corners" which, if paraded in our streets today, would no more draw the city in their wake than would Cimabue's Madonna.

I never saw Thomas halt and stammer as a tilted hat went by, or a puffed sleeve. In his latter days he would have decorated a Turkish corner, rather. But I do not recall that he reveled in one. Yet if one's memory lingers affectionately about him now it is because his life personified the adoration of beauty, the worship of the rare perfection, the elusive ideal—that which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, that which enters into the mind of every man in its moments of elevation from the terrestrial, be he never so grotesque or vain or brutish.

Sheltered he was always. He knew no days of squalor or need to sharpen his appreciation of what he did not possess. Indeed he desired no possessions. He could and did give his most treasured belongings with the free gesture that sought as reward only a glance of the eye. His goods were at home wherever they were beloved. Selfishness he knew not.

But he was self-made in rebelliousness against any rule or restraint that cramped the breath of freedom. Never did sensitive disposition send a mortal into blacker rages and yet spare a certain balanced critical spirit to guide his utterings. The tongue of Thomas flaying an opponent was a terrible weapon.

His youth must have been a tumultuous one under the eye of a father with a sense of order, but this father was lost to him ere he reached Georgetown in his teens. There I first met him. At that time he had made his beginnings. Slim, black-haired, with beautiful teeth and slender hands and feet, of which physical perfections he was ever vain, he had already marked his future by reading the world's great epics, or what he accounted such—Camoens and Firdausi as well as

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Homer, Virgil and Milton. In class he was devoted to English and well trained in the classics, but appropriately void of mathematics. Already a poet, his reactions to geometry and algebra were lines of which a few are still remembered:

About his boots
Quadratic roots
Had lovingly entwined. . . .

And like a surd
He lies interred,
Monomially dead.

These were the first twitterings of Doctor Angelicus. Indeed it was not until the literary birth of the Doctor in the Quiet Corner that Thomas began to take his beautiful gift of fun as a serious responsibility. Through life, it is true, he bore his Celtic wit and gaiety as a plume. It was his unfailing good humor that made him the favorite dinner guest. Flash, rally, reminiscence poured from him while he savored his food and drink with a hearty sweep that was the despair of us less stout trenchermen. Gargantuan digestion! In his youth on a hot summer day he once emptied a water cooler. And in later days when prohibition hounded the lot of us, it was not he that slid under the table. Time appeased his love of sweets, but in his salad days he could encompass a pound of Huyler's candy and shake it down with a five-mile walk. Thus he expanded to the magnificence we knew.

Ah, to see him stroll the Avenue again in genial state, inspired by the crowd, townsman that he was! Leisurely he went, stopping to admire the shop windows, his spirit reaching out to every trace of youth that might be passing—for apart from a certain appreciation of church splendor and ceremonial, his real interest was in budding humanity. Youth, youth, was his cry. He surrounded himself with young men, all of whom called him Thomas. Age sated him with his own people, and one heard him addressed as Thamas or Thomás by fair or brown-skinned foreigners. These strays in a chill country found his hand always sympathetic, ready to share purse and provender, kindly, easy, merry. He was the patron of youth, for his heart was young.

Run through his published verse and you will find little of this merriment in it, alas! His classic education combined with adoration for his art to exclude humor, as his love for his mother excluded the tense rush of passion.

Love, you are late, too late—

That was as near as he got to it.

There was something truly elemental beneath his gayest moods. Once he was introduced to a gentleman as a fellow poet. "Ah," said the other, "I did not know there were two poets in the room."

"No," replied Thomas, "I did not know there were two poets in the world."

Free, self-made he was, as are great minds. Holy Mother Church captured him in youth, else would he have been the rudest of rebels instead of her stoutest champion. He never could be driven to work. Long hours at his verse, at his Fray Luis, at his Commonweal, he could take as play so long as they did not arouse him before noon or dull his enjoyment of the hours between midnight and the morning star. The Commonweal was the only shop that ever captivated him. Ambition, wealth, position, moved him not.

Not by the highways and the streets, dear friend,
Where kings and merchants and their minions wend,
But by the little pathways let us go—
Lone ways that only humble footsteps know.

Thomas, I laugh through the tears—as I know you would have me laugh—at the outward incongruity, and yet—

How like the rose to bloom a day
And leave but memory behind
Of where among the thorns she twined,
Frail visitant that might not stay!
What godhead grants the thorns delay
To riot in their native clay
While beauty passes on the wind—
How like the rose!

Listen, in sterner mood, to the second of the Pilgrim Kings:—

"I, Gaspar, from a Magian throne, made choice
Of guidance of the skies;
On my return they bade the hills rejoice
With flame and sacrifice.
But when I whispered of the mystic lore
The starlight had enshrined:
Its peace surpassing peace, its doom of war,
Its love for all mankind—
They tore me down—proclaimed me evermore
To banishment consigned."
"Then he, he too was king?—yon wight that seems
Unsteady as with wine—
His eyes ablaze as one who stalks in dreams
Some dismal street malign?"
"Nay, brother, hold—thy hasty tongue blasphemes
A madness half-divine!
For as at dawn from Bethlehem Town we stole,
We spied him where he lay,
His crown and sceptre in the gutter hole,
With none his name to say,
Or tell the empery he bore—the goal
His aimless feet would stray.
So doth he trudge to find the Star with us
Half mocking what we seek;
They throw life's tavern lees to stain him thus—
But see, his eyes bespeak
The Star!—The Star of promise glorious
That calls the blind and weak!
Ye vaults of heaven that sound with prayers and vows,
Keep compact with our soul!—
See, they are clearing—yonder starry boughs
Proclaim our kingly goal—
Yea, see'st thou not already round our brows
The furtive aureole!"

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WHAT'S BACK OF THE SCREEN?

By IRVING T. McDONALD

Some time ago The Commonweal published a discussion of motion-picture art by the Reverend Francis P. Donnelly. The following paper deals with the same topic but from precisely the opposite point of view. Mr. McDonald writes from "first-hand observation" of the studio enterprise and is outspokenly pessimistic about the present and future. We may add that neither article represents editorial opinion, and that Father Donnelly's opinions were set forth in our issue of January 30, 1929.—The Editors.

IT IS not untenable that the motion picture, in so far as it presents another medium through which memorable matter can be worthily recorded, is potentially an art. But in the classification of a medium cognizance must be taken, not of its potentiality, but of the actuality that has been and is being educed from it; for art, so the scholastics tell us, is the application of principle—something real, therefore, and not a matter of abstractions.

In its young and hoodlum days no question was ever raised with reference to the aesthetic status of the movie. It was the lowest form of organized amusement: produced in vacant lots when the sun shone, and projected in lofts, in penny arcades, in holes-in-the-wall, in any nook and cranny that could be rendered sufficiently dark and furnished with seats of a sort. It flickered on and flickered off, its shadowed images moving jerkily about as though conscious that motion was the most that was expected of them. For a nickel or a dime you could see night-gowned children beclouded with feathers from a pillow fight, and if the operator was genial, he would conclude by reversing the film to show every last feather sucked back into the pillows again. It was a plaything, pure and simple.

That it has changed its status since those early days is beyond doubt. Whether the change is in character or only in degree is the debatable question. Can the institution which succeeds in employing recognized artists in every medium be nothing but the extension of the early store-show? Is there an essential difference between the camera stuck up in an open lot and the $10,000,000 studio in Hollywood? between the penny arcade and the "Cathedral of the Motion Picture"? Between that pillow fight and today's expensively produced spectacle? If so, it must be found in the fundamental principle which governs the production of the picture.

In this connection it is not without significance that those who are professionally engaged in the making of motion pictures refer to the enterprise as an "industry." As a matter of fact, the repute of the screen in any aesthetic relation does not concern them in the least. The producer never has cared and never will care whether the output of his studios is art or not. That is not what he is in business for. That statement is not to be construed as any impeachment of the motion picture. On the contrary, as it is a correct definition of the screen's true position, it should be positively beneficial; for when current misunderstandings of its actual place are corrected, the screen will be exempt from certain false responsibilities with which such misunderstandings burden it. Once known for what it is, and exempted from present malappropriate standards, it has a chance of fulfilling expectations.

There is an important point that is invariably overlooked by those who give thought to the cultural future of the cinema, and that is the dependence of the screen upon mass—money in the mass and therefore patronage in the mass. This dependence is obvious, to be sure, but it is more than that: it is essential. It is the decisive factor in determining not only that art, if present at all in the motion picture, is present only accidentally, but that it can never be otherwise. Here you have an enterprise which can, of its mechanical nature, become either one thing or the other, but which, through the inevitable process of its economic development becomes wholly dependent upon the recreational appetites of the great majority. And the character of the great majority has not altered since the days of the Roman empire, when the plays of Plautus and Terence were read by the cultured few but seldom complimented with public presentation, while the "profanum vulgus" thronged to witness the mimes.

Those who guide the movie's destinies have accepted this condition without troubling to analyze it, for analysis would not alter the fact. They study the market, but they are not aware of the Augustinian distinction between "scire" and "intellegere." If they know what the public wants, they can supply it, and that is the sole objective. To get behind the fact and discover why the public happens to want this or that particular type of photoplay—in other words, to understand, as well as to know—is not vital to the production of revenue.

It may be objected that the simplest of stories, the most fundamental emotions, can be artistically expressed, and that the producer is not to be excused for doing it otherwise. The fact that the public does not demand artistic treatment of dramatic material does not justify the production of the inartistic—nay, worse, the inaccurate, the sloppy, the untrue and the inane. Well, the answer to that objection is simple: I am not attempting to excuse Herr Producer. And he seeks not justification for himself, but patronage.

The point of departure from artistic potentiality to industrial fact is here: you cannot make a movie without money—a great deal of money. If you could,

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then this form would eventually find itself worthy of estimation by standards similar to those that measure the other forms, and its practitioners would be classified with as sharply drawn distinctions as those that divide Beethoven from Berlin, Franceschini from Fisher, Goethe from Guest. There would be possible that differentiation of ideals that would identify performance as true or base, and performer as artist or not. But this is where the screen begins to differ from all other forms of recorded expression. Its dependence on dollars is essential to its existence.

This is not true of the other agencies. A few hundred dollars, or at the outside a couple of thousand, will defray the production cost of the average book; and that there are plenty of individuals willing to use their money that way, witness the pay-as-you-enter publishing houses and their deplorable effluences. Again, what amount of money is required for the production of a painting, a statue or a musical composition? No more, fortunately, than many, many lowly-circumstanced people can and are eager to provide.

But try to make a feature picture for a few hundred or even a few thousand dollars. To be sure, there are such things as quickies—that is, pictures that are dashed madly through production when a combination of circumstances makes it possible to get actors, director, camera man and studio facilities between regular pictures for a limited time and very little money. The picture is completed within the limits of both time and money (and ability); and looks it. But quickies have not even the respect of the industry itself, for they are not generally "box-office." There are types of outdoor pictures, too, mostly westerns, in which studio charges can be eliminated, and which can be made on a shoe-string bankroll; these never reach the screens of respectable theatres but become the programs of the "shooting-galleries." Where the average, habitual production is concerned, the money involved is invariably written with six figures.

Here, then, is the nub of the matter. When Mr. Producer gets ready to spend all that money, he is going to take every known precaution against losing it. For when he is making something to sell, he runs his business on the same principles as actuate any other manufacturer of commodities. His business sense, accordingly, dictates that he cater to the widest possible market. If Broadway, or Pennsylvania Avenue, or Market Street, or Tremont Street were all that need be served, the problem of pleasing them once in a while would be reasonably simple. But the question is not to be solved so easily. For it is desired, ideally, to appeal at once to the Mexican peon, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sadie the sewing-machine girl, George Jean Nathan, Dean Inge, Mustapha Kemel Pasha, Jimmie the newsie, Sister Superior, the ladies and gentlemen of the ensemble, and the Merry Villagers. As this cannot be done, the next best thing is to govern production by the supposed tastes of as many prospective patrons, in all corners of the globe, as is possible. Provide subjects, therefore, that will appeal to the widest range; give them treatment that will be understood and relished by the greatest number. It is the code of the cash register.

Occasionally a producer will take a chance and risk some money in an untried type of picture on speculation. As a rule, though, he will confine his investments to types that have proved sure-fire in the past. And he watches when some other producer embarks on an original venture, ready to manufacture a duplicate article the minute the market shows a preference for the new conception. Thus we have our cycles of duplicated types: the vampire rage, begun by Theda Bara (how long since you have seen that name in print, O Andres Athenaioi?); the original war cycle, begun with My Four Years in Germany, and followed by everything from The Beast of Berlin to Hearts of the World; the cycle of "classical" spectacles, from Quo Vadis and Nero to Cleopatra and Salome; the new, still current war cycle, started by The Big Parade, and followed immediately by What Price Glory, Wings and literally dozens of lesser fry; the "mopping mother" type, as Harry Leon Wilson called it, inaugurated by Over the Hill and promptly seconded by The Old Nest; the glorified westerns of a few seasons ago, in which The Covered Wagon led The Iron Horse and its train of imitations; the comedy duos initiated by Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton, and mimicked by too many to recall; and do you suppose George Jessel would have made Lucky Boy if Al Jolson's Jazz Singer and Singing Fool were not hits? and so on, and on, and on.

What has been said will indicate the attitude of the film industry toward the moral aspect of the screen as well as the aesthetic. There is more public agitation in the course of a year on this subject, as a matter of fact, than will ever be stirred by considerations of art; and properly so. Accordingly, it is a matter of no little importance that the attitude should be known and recognized. For to let the moral character of such a widely and indiscriminately patronized form of recreation be governed by business principles is hardly desirable. If such a condition exists—and it does—and it cannot be corrected, then let it be understood.

At one time morals were not considered at all in the production of motion pictures. This condition prevailed most conspicuously before the Postmaster-General of the Harding administration consecrated himself to the task of making the screen scrupulous. Now morals are considered—publicly, and in loud, virtuous voices. In a way, these voices mean exactly what they say. They do want pictures to be clean and wholesome; because it is good business now to have them that way. Not that the public taste has altered to the point that patronage would fail an obscene picture, but that obscene pictures have a way of getting into trouble here and there. Pennsylvania bans them sometimes, for example; and Massachusetts still retains a more or less rigid authority over the films which her

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inhabitants may view on Sunday, and a picture disapproved for Sunday loses its revenue-producing possibilities for that most heavily-patronized of the Bay state's seven days; or the Canadian censors might do something about it, or the Ohioans, or somebody else. No, sir! Pictures have got to be clean—as a matter of dollars and cents. Furthermore, photoplays are not only required by their producers to be moral (enough) but it is not permitted them to be offensive to any race or religion; experience with—was it The Calahans and the Murphys?—was expensive. In fact, the magnates are ready to bend backward in their effort to stand erect. It was said some months ago that The King of Kings, Cecil de Mille's picturization of the life of Christ, had been altered so as to clear the Jews of responsibility for the death of Our Lord, and to lay the whole guilt on the Roman governor of Judea. Possibly the Italian prints blamed it on Ghenghis Khan, or Santa Claus.

When all is said and done, the movies refer, and always will, to the same principle that governs all industry. They will be whatever it pays them best to be. And as long as their checks clear at the bank, their sponsors are not particularly concerned about either their artistic status or their moral implications.

A Letter at First Spring

O lady
I have stood upon
the lean uncivil hills and seen
a feeble and unwilling green
lift up from scrawny prints of unseen feet
the inland savage winds goad on
with cracking lashes up the screes.

O lady
I have stood on hills
and seen the earth's mean sleep disturbed
by neat unbidden spring unfurled
from curling mists
and seen the geldings
sniff uneasily the frail
volutions of the paling mist
and run their frightened eyes along
the keener verging distances.

O lady
and suddenly on this day
when up the ark is lifted from the
comfortable dust
and borne before the deep
unseeing eyes of us who see
in heavy-lidded sleep
the calyces of timeless
dreams begin to stir
I tremble on the brink of
spring

and fumble in my musty mind
for words and the dusty
relic of your smile.

R. Ellsworth Larsson.

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Lady from the Sea

SO FAR as I know—not being what is called a complete Ibsenite—The Lady from the Sea is Ibsen's only play ending in a "clinch." Under the circumstances, this should be classed as a surprise rather than a happy ending. You are led through the depths of morbid suggestion and of prophetic symptoms of abnormality toward a certain and obvious suicide or something of the sort, only to find yourself, in the very last minute, faced by a reconciliation and a passing of the cloud which are altogether appropriate to the best Hollywood traditions.

The strange part of it all is this: that Ibsen rings almost as false in a happy ending as in his usual tragic vein. Something artificial comes between Ibsen, as a master dramatic craftsman, and the realization of authentic illusion. That something appears to be his rigid determination to use the theatre as a pulpit for his crusading ideas. Every playwright more or less faces this same temptation. O'Neill, for example, in much of his later work, and notably in Dynamo, allows his proconceived ideas to battle with his sense of character. On the other hand, O'Neill has often proved himself capable of living so completely within his characters that they work out their own destinies, for good or evil, and leave you with the definite conviction that once such a group of people were thrown together, the human chemistry could culminate in but one solution. Ibsen, on the other hand, is always like the O'Neill of Dynamo—a playwright with a purpose heavily underscored. He never becomes fully a playwright of character and of the situations which inevitably result from character.

Possibly I can best illustrate the difference between the two types of playwriting by going back to a writer's first thought about a proposed play. If he is typically a writer of character drama, he will probably begin by saying to himself: "If this kind of man and this kind of woman should find themselves in this kind of situation, what would each of them do?" He tries to feel as they would feel, and in that way to determine the outcome of his play. Ibsen, on the other hand, we can imagine saying to himself, quite dogmatically: "No real love can ever exist in marriage unless it remains unfettered by the obligations of convention or the pressure of a woman's economic dependence on the man. Therefore I shall write a play in which a woman will always mentally be seeking her love somewhere else than at home until, at the right moment, her husband grants her complete freedom to leave him if she wants to. When he does this, the wife will promptly give up all else to remain with him 'of her own free will.'" Obviously, from this point on, Ibsen finds himself constrained to force his characters toward a given conclusion, and to distort them as characters for the sake of a plot that will prove the validity of his main idea.

Of course to a certain extent Ibsen does characterize. That is, when setting out to prove a thesis, he selects as his exhibits of truth the general types of people who will fit most readily into his scheme, adding to the types certain individual exaggerations which often approach caricature. This accounts for the fact that Ibsen characters are rarely dull and always serve as excellent vehicles for the talent of fine actors. But, as characters, their radius of action is always circumscribed. You never feel them capable of doing unaccountable things. They may do startling things (or at least things that were startling to

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Ibsen's generation) but Ibsen himself is always careful to account for the why and wherefore of each action, as part of his thesis. The audience knows exactly why Nora leaves her husband in A Doll's House—for the simple reason that Ibsen decided long before he wrote the play that Nora must leave her husband in order to teach a social lesson. If Sidney Howard or Eugene O'Neill had been writing about the same group of characters, there is no telling what Nora might have done. She might have stayed on and used her knowledge of her husband's weakness to rule the roost, hitting an emotional high C first and smashing a little crockery to start the new régime forcefully. Or she might have succumbed to the inevitable and turned into a self-pitying martyr. There is no surface accounting for human vagaries—which explains why Ibsen's all-too-careful accounting for them gives an invariably false note to his plays.

The theme of The Lady from the Sea happens to be the one I have used above as an illustration of Ibsen's playwriting method. Ellida, the second wife of Doctor Wangel, having been reared on a lighthouse and having had a youthful romance with a sailor since thought dead, develops a curious nostalgia for the sea and everything connected with it. She really lives in mortal dread of the return of her dead sailor lover. Her mental obsession grows so great that she cannot accept the love of her husband and struggles under the compulsion of a marriage tie she accepted only as a sort of means of security. In a dozen ways she shows deep affection for Doctor Wangel, but cannot bring herself to live truly as his wife so long as her mind and soul are bound up in the sea and its associations. One day the supposedly dead sailor returns. He demands that Ellida go off with him to keep their youthful promise to each other. He gives her just twelve hours to make her decision. She appeals to her husband for help. At first he refuses to let her go, saying he will protect her from herself. This only increases the allure of Ellida's sea and her man of the sea. Just in time, however, Doctor Wangel tries another method. He gives Ellida complete freedom to do whatever she likes. Thereupon her obsession disappears. She no longer wants to leave. Her sailor lover goes off sadly, never to return, and the last curtain shows us Ellida rushing into her husband's arms.

The reason for the false note here is obvious. For three acts, Ellida is built up as a highly abnormal character, suffering from a serious neurosis. The cause of it seems to lie much more in childhood memories than in any actual restrictions of her present life. Add to an abnormal craving for the sea of her youth a certain hypnotic control obtained by the sailor lover, and you have the elements of tragedy. Such a mental state would take months, if not years, to cure, even under expert treatment and care, and without such care would end in disaster. Thus the real preparation is for a psychological tragedy or near-tragedy. Then, by a last-minute trick, Ibsen turns it into a social preachment on the importance of feminine freedom, and tries to show that Ellida's whole mental state can be cleared in a happy instant by a mere offer of free choice on the part of her ever-so-patient and loving husband. Perhaps this account of things may give a much cruder impression than the play itself, and thus be unfair. But I am merely trying to show, by stripping the skeleton, why audiences are justified in leaving the theatre with a vague dissatisfaction and a sense that they have been watching something decidedly peculiar and puzzling, instead of something that gives the authentic feeling of human wills and weaknesses engaged in sharp and genuine conflict.

The present revival is notable for some excellent acting by the general cast, especially two beautifully etched portraits of Doctor Wangel's daughters by Linda Watkins and Florida Friebus. But the central interest lies, of course, in Blanche Yurka's delineation of Ellida. I found it in every way her best work next to Gina in The Wild Duck, and even more interesting in the sense that Ellida permits a touch of glamour. Ellida is anything but drab. There clings about her, during the first three acts, all of the vague but permeating romance of the sea. In spite of this, Miss Yurka resists nearly every temptation to chant her lines, and uses for the most part a rapid, varied and exceedingly natural diction which enhances, if anything, the apparent mystery of her character by its very restraint; altogether a finely modulated and clearly cut performance, limited only by the defects of the play itself, and helping in no small measure to bridge the difficult moments near the end when Ibsen trades the real Ellida he has built up for a new woman with a feminine freedom complex. The time seems to have come when Miss Yurka should have a repertory theatre of her own where New Yorkers can have the pleasure of watching her always interesting and authoritative work in a group of five or more carefully selected plays —plays, one ventures to hope, not all of which have been written by Ibsen. (At the Bijou Theatre.)

The Jitney Players

THE good word has spread around during the last few years that an intrepid band of enthusiasts is bringing the theatre back to its once roving state by giving performances in the countryside from a stage that travels on wheels behind a chugging motor. Bushnell Cheney and his wife (stage name, Alice Keating) are responsible for this gay adventure, and in the goodness of their hearts have brought their little troupe to New York and housed it in the Cherry Lane Theatre for a brief time before setting off to spring lanes and the magic of shaded lawns.

The first production of the Jitney Players, as they call themselves, was Sheridan's almost unknown comedy, A Trip to Scarborough, first performed at the Drury Lane Theatre in 1777. It is a trivial thing, chock-full of the artificialities so dear to that period, and unfortunately basing most of its comedy on the perils and embarrassments of illicit amours. It cannot be said, in all honesty, that the Jitney Players give it a masterly interpretation. Several members of the company completely lack the distinction of manner and address demanded for such period comedy. They do, however, make up for this in large part by the sheer exuberance of their work and the joy they take in it. Far from the din of the city, and in the magic of a summer night (and with a worthier play) one might drop all mood of criticism for the sheer sport of seeing the spirit of the theatre so richly conveyed with such limited though ingenious equipment. And, at that, at least four of the performances have real merit—the masterly Lord Foppington of David Elliott, the Berinthia of Alice Keating, the Amanda of Frances Simpson and the captivating clowning of Gene Magnus as Miss Hoyden. The Jitney Players stand in general for a deliciously impertinent idea carried out with inimitable good spirit. (At the Cherry Lane Theatre.)

(The Commonweal invites its readers to send in communications expressing individual views on all topics that are of public interest, regardless of whether or not such topics have been previously discussed in its columns.—The Editors.)

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COMMUNICATIONS

WHAT SHALL THE FAITHFUL SING?

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—My attention has been called to the fact that in your issue of March 13, Mr. Cuthbert Wright has dedicated to me an articie on liturgical music. I appreciate the tribute he thought he was paying me. But had he consulted me first, or judged of my labors in the cause of Church music reform, he could never have dedicated to me the expression of sentiments which on the whole and in principle are the very fallacies I have spent a large part of my life in fighting.

Mr. Wright speaks of "two types of liturgical service," and rather scoffs at Huysmans for insisting there can be only one. Of course there can be only one type of liturgical service! We have a variety of rites in the liturgy, as we have various dialects of one language. But they all are supposed, like language (and liturgy is a language, appealing to the soul through the senses) to have one purpose, and to express it as simply and effectively as possible. In the Roman Catholic Church there is no room for a popular liturgy and a mystical one, or, as Mr. Wright expresses it later, a liturgy from the human point of view and the religious standpoint. Liturgy means worship—religion. Everything that enters into it must therefore be directed to the God it honors, and not to the nervous system or aesthetic taste of the worshipers. Mr. Wright himself says this toward the end of his article. Can he not see the contradiction he involves himself in? Must not the liturgy be one, as its Object is? He undoubtedly means two types of liturgical music, rather than types of liturgy, for he himself says music is only a part, not the whole, of the liturgy.

We grant there can be two types of music. In fact there are three approved by the Church. They are Gregorian, classical polyphony and modern music. But they all have not the same rank in liturgical use. Mr. Wright says: "There can be no absolute act of uniformity applied to the music of the Church." The Motu Proprio emphatically contradicts him. Let Mr. Wright reread the introduction to that document, and very specially the General Principles, Numbers 3 to 6. The chant is held up as an absolute model to which all music in liturgical services must conform in spirit and in form. In my copy these words are italicized: "The more closely a church composition approaches in its movement, inspiration and savor the Gregorian form, the more sacred and liturgical it becomes; and the more out of harmony it is with that supreme model, the less worthy it is of the temple." This makes the use of the chant compulsory, for as an authority has said: "The Gregorian is not only a form of religious music; it is the only form adopted and presented by authority. It is the chant of the Church." Classical polyphony is recommended because "it agrees admirably with the Gregorian chant." Modern music is tolerated because "the Church has always recognized and favored the progress of the arts, admitting to the service of divine worship everything good and beautiful discovered by genius in the course of ages—always, however, with due regard to the liturgical laws."

As to the "net effect on the hearer" of modern music in the liturgy being the same as "the miracle of simple piety and enduring art" of the chant, scientific experiment proves the contrary. I will be glad to furnish Mr. Wright with this data. Scholarly musicians seem also to deny it. Mozart, Halévy, Ambros and Gounod himself are a few of them. Gounod, for instance, in one of his letters (published several years ago in the Musical Quarterly) regretted the fact that he had never written anything worthy of the Church. He seemed to realize that the music he represents makes us conscious of the choir itself, whereas the other is lost in our consciousness of the Sacrifice it enhances. A modern of the moderns, Mr. Ernest Bloch, wrote me a few years ago: "Gregorian chant is the basis of all our music, and probably the greatest, the most 'modern,' the most beautiful music ever written. It is eternally young, because it was written by inward necessity. It will stay young and new when our so-called 'modern music' will have become obsolete."

Because this is true do we "fanatics wage a sort of holy war" for a true appreciation of the chant and its restoration to its proper place in the liturgy. It has the "universal" quality Pius X said true liturgical music should have. It is not of any age or school any more than is the soul to which it appeals. As Dom Mocquereau said to a then modern group of musicians in Paris many years ago: "It owes its beauty and dignity to the fact that it borrows little or nothing from the world of sense. It passes through the senses, but does not appeal to them: it caters neither to the emotions nor to the imagination. Plain-song is capable of expressing the most tremendous truths, the strongest feelings, without departing from its sobriety, purity and simplicity. . . . It is wholesome and serene: it does not react upon the nervous system."

As I stressed in a radio talk on Palestrina from WLWL last June, modern composers of Church music forget that Pius X said: "Music's proper aim is to add greater efficacy to the text, in order that through it the faithful may be the more disposed for the reception of the fruits of grace belonging to the celebration of the most holy mysteries." Palestrina, in imitation of the anonymous monks who created the chant, knew we sing not for sound's sake, but for sense's sake; we sing not notes but ideas. The integrity of the word and its meaning must be kept in all Church music as in the chant. Because ecclesiastical authorities believed "discantus" frustrated that sole aim of liturgical chant, it was for centuries forbidden. Palestrina's claim to fame is that he, discipled by a saint and imbued with the supernatural spirit of the liturgy, composed music in which the many voices of polyphony, like the many neumes of the chant, express one idea, and that the liturgy's, not the composer's. This is why Mr. Wright's "impassioned anathema" of those who swoon at a mention of "harmonized plain-song" amuses me. "Harmonized plain-song" is a contradiction in terms. "Plain-song" arose to distinguish it from "discantus," or more than one voice. When one knows the history and theory of the chant, he realizes that to attempt to harmonize it is much more of a desecration than our jazzing of the classics, because it strikes at the very essence and purpose of the chant.

That purpose was to have a chant simple enough for the congregation to sing. Precisely because the faithful are to take an active part in the Sacrifice of the Mass they sing certain parts of the Mass, as they did until well toward the sixteenth century. Mr. Wright's apparent disapproval of congregational singing indicates as much darkness as to the nature, purpose and history of the Mass as to that of the chant. The Mass is a drama. A monologue is hardly a drama,

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despite modern experiments; dialogue is almost essential to manifesting the conflict inherent to drama. A rereading of the Motu Proprio will further clarify for Mr. Wright how and why Pius X really did stress "congregational singing."

The faithful must be swept Godward on the surging of an idea of which the chant is the embodiment. All the liturgy is sacramental; it is the external sign of a spiritual reality. It focuses on the altar. It unites many diverse individualities and nations. In purpose, in action, in language, it expresses the unity of the Church's Catholicity. Should not then that oneness extend to the rendition of her official musical language? Toward that end Pius X legislated that there be a uniform pronunciation of Latin. Now the chant grew melodically and rhythmically from the Latin language. Even granting there were no uniformity to that melody and rhythm, should not the whole liturgical idea warrant a uniformity in the rendition of the chant? It becomes imperative when we have scientifically proved facts for such a oneness of rendition or school. If Mr. Wright will consult my article in the Catholic Choir-Master for April, 1920, he will see why Solesmes has that one true rendition. As Abbé Rousseau, now a bishop, said: "Solesmes is not *a* school but *the* school of Gregorian chant."

Too many people are governed in religion, as in life in general, by their feelings rather than by their reason and will. Religion is not aesthetic; it is ascetic. We worship God not to relieve or to stimulate our feelings as such, but only that through the emotions we may fire the will to act according to reason. The liturgy appeals to the senses that we may direct them to their proper ends, and even rise above them. "After twenty-five years of the Motu Proprio" we have so few truly liturgical choirs because this is forgotten even by the clergy. Even where vocally we have good choirs, few of them draw on the vast repertory of the best Church music. The appeal is to popular taste and approval. But the business of religion (as the Church realizes in her liturgy) is to give the people not what they think they want but what a Divine Guide knows they need. Liturgy should help them find their souls, not dissipate them the more. The universality which is the soul's, and not the modernity which is the senses', will achieve this.

Our personalities have entered too much into this whole question, and not the personality of the Church, which is Christ's. There have been too many petty (and scandalous) controversies between individuals, religious communities and even national groups to permit the Motu Proprio to work out the necessary reform of our musical manners. If, after years of study of all kinds of music and under masters of all the squabbling schools of liturgical music, I cannot conscientiously approve the thematic idea of Mr. Wright, I most certainly am with him in his appeal (which I know is sincere, though wanting in light) that "we do our best to make good Pius X's intention." That intention was "to restore all things in Christ." It was not to restore all things in the liturgy to the likeness of the twentieth century, or into the likeness of any individual or school. But it did aim at conformity to Truth.

VINCENT C. DONOVAN, O.P.

We are glad to print Father Donovan's letter both because it comments helpfully upon Mr. Wright's remarks and because it raises important considerations regarding the liturgy. While not committing ourselves to the point of view it presents any more than we assented entirely to the article under discussion, we feel that it deserves careful attention.—The Editors.

St. Paul, Minn.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Wright asks in The Commonweal of March 13: "What shall the faithful sing?" He means chiefly at Mass. And I note that he says "the faithful" and not "the choir." The answer, of course, is perfectly obvious. They should sing the Mass, the liturgy. Mr. Wright is not really interested in what they shall sing but in how—not in the quid but in the quomodo.

He summons up his two camps of traditionalists and modernists and tells them both "that sacred music is not the liturgy but an accessory to the liturgy." There is his main deficiency.

Surely the liturgical text is liturgy. And liturgy is public worship—the Low Mass is a concession. Public worship must be aloud, and it deserves an expression in every way adequate to its intrinsic nature. This last is what we need to study. The primary thing is not music but liturgy. Music in liturgy is part of the outward sign of inward grace, and not a mere accessory.

The quotation from Saint Leonard, which Mr. Wright greatly admires, has often been equaled, notably by the monks of Maria Laach. But the point is, has Mr. Wright grasped all that it implies? For he judges that the object of the Motu Proprio of Pius X was "simply to exalt the honor of the Church and the arts of the Church, and above all the prostration of the human creatures before the stupendous sacrament of Christ's love." Here we have again the "accessory" notion. And also the notion that the Mass is primarily adoration of the Holy Eucharist, a notion dealt with very clearly by Father Kramp in his Eucharistia.

The best authorities in the present liturgical movement consider that the aim of Pius X was to urge the active participation of all the faithful in the sacred mysteries. To participate in the mystery—what does it mean? Not simply to render music as an accompaniment, an accessory.

It is high time that we gave ourselves seriously to a study of the quid in the case, the objective reality of the liturgy. The question of the quomodo will then solve itself, not by way of mere subjective feeling as to what is and what is not a fitting accessory, but by the outward unfolding of the objective reality that lies within.

REV. WILLIAM BUSCH,
Professor of Church History,
The St. Paul Seminary.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In the March 13 issue of The Commonweal there appears an article by Mr. Cuthbert Wright which I have read with great admiration and interest.

The Gregorian chant is beautiful and impressive and more conducive to reverence and real piety than any other so-called sacred music. It is heard almost exclusively in many churches in Europe, and deservedly so. Its use should be universal. The ritual of Holy Mass is the same all over the world. So should the music and the singing of the Mass be the same. As Mr. Wright puts it in his quotation from Saint Leonard, the celebrant of the Divine Office asks the faithful to join him in offering the Holy Sacrifice. It is Gregorian music he uses at the beginning of the Mass, also in starting the Gloria and the Credo, and in singing the Preface and the Pater Noster. Why not the choir? Mr. Wright's final paragraph referring to the movement for beatification of the saintly Pius X is timely and surely worthy of consideration.

FRANK D'ORANGE.

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BOOKS

Sherlock a Psychologist

Victim and Victor, by John R. Oliver. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

IT HAS been said of William James and his brother Henry that one wrote psychology like a novelist and the other wrote novels like a psychologist. John R. Oliver has done both; and he has done them both at once in this, his latest book.

It is a remarkable and interesting book upon a novel theme. Dr. Oliver makes a very successful attempt to show how a physician and a clergyman, coöperating in the treatment of certain psychasthenics and delinquents, achieve notable success in the cure of their mental and moral ills. The Reverend Michael Mann is an unfortunate Anglican clergyman who has been unfrocked for some misdemeanor which the author tactfully refrains from disclosing, and whose days are spent in doing good (the unchristian call it "social service") in prayer and hope against the day when his bishop will restore him to good standing. Doctor Claude Munroe, the Watson of the story, once pottered about in his anatomical research laboratory, but under the influence of his clerical friend and quondam patient turned his thoughts to psychiatry and psychotherapy. Mann is full of fervor and faith: Munroe is mildly agnostic. Together they work marvels with their patients. It would be impossible to label their technique. It does not correspond with any therapeutic system known to text-book psychiatry. But one is left with the impression that there is much more in it than in such fantastic methods as the dream interpretations of the Freudians.

A novel written on this theme ought to be dull. But this one is not dull. It is a thrilling story of a very human friendship, a delineation of an unusual character, a narrative of sustained hope and loyalty to a high ideal, of a quality which is seldom equaled in modern fiction.

A sentence in the preface warns the reader that this is a work of imagination. That warning is not superfluous. Victim and Victor is so plausible that were it not for that note, one might readily be carried to the point of seeking to satisfy one's curiosity regarding the places and persons so skilfully described in this book of fiction. There is a realistic touch in the portraying of the clerical characters of the book that reveals the author's familiarity with churchmen of various types. It is likewise rare to find in novels written by laymen such precision and discrimination in the use of ecclesiastical terminology.

Most novels are reminiscent of other novels principally because of resemblances between the characters depicted. But if anyone should expect to find a trace of Elmer Gantry in the make-up of the Reverend Michael Mann he will be sorely disappointed. Compton Mackenzie could portray a cleric of the type of Michael Mann, but I doubt if Sinclair Lewis could even understand him. No one who has read those provocative little French novels, Mon Curé chez les Pauvres and Mon Curé chez les Riches can quite avoid associating Mann with that sincere though eccentric French priest. However, Victim and Victor lacks the piquancy of Vautel's novels and Michael Mann the naïveté of the curé. The psychological novel is not a rarity in France, but there are few books of fiction in English that can be compared, as this book can, with the work of the French school.

GERALD B. PHELAN.

Russia Seen Clearly

The Hammer and the Scythe, by Anne O'Hare McCormick. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

WHEN the czarist embassy at Pekin was handed over to Mr. Karakhan and his Soviet companions, they ran up the flagpole a red flag on which were a hammer and a sickle crossed. (Mrs. McCormick says she prefers the word "scythe," because she associates it with the "wide flat swathes of the steppe.") The Soviet mission officials announced that the hammer represented at one and the same time two things: the hammer that destroys and the hammer that causes the tightening of the joints; while the sickle cuts down not only the harvest but equally that growth which cumbered the land uselessly.

Mrs. McCormick has paralleled this symbol through her most readable book; she has cut away much of the unnecessary legend surrounding Soviet Russia and laid bare the landscape, so that those who read with care can obtain a glimpse of the life in the town, the village and across the plains. There is no attempt to strain after effect in the pen pictures which she has drawn. She speaks of the propaganda "forever playing on the mind of the worker, by means of theatrical presentations showing the difference between western and Russian aspects of life"; one in which "Henry Ford is made up to look like a rather elegant Uncle Sam, wearing spats and a monocle," but "portrayed at the same time as a slave-driving dynamo—and a model of mechanical efficiency which the Russian worker is taught to worship." When talking with Russians Mrs. McCormick was met repeatedly with remarks such as, "I would still rather be a free worker in Russia than live in a gilded cage in America." The volume contains a great deal of such significant and revealing material, indicating plainly that its writer's visit to Russia was not of the type made by the eager tourist along the frontier fringe, but a more carefully planned journey which took in Moscow, the Volga, the peasants and certain trade centres. Coupled with these descriptions are others of the churches and palaces, and a somewhat detailed treatment of the present government.

From many points of view this is an illuminating book. Its wealth of facts and pictures should ensure its author an increasing public, especially among that class of readers to whom first-hand knowledge of other countries and their problems is of value and concern.

BOYD-CARPENTER.

Germany in Transition

The Mad Professor, by Hermann Sudermann; translated by Isabel Leighton and Otto P. Schinnerer. New York: Horace Liveright. Two volumes, $5.00.

THE recent death of Hermann Sudermann has snatched away a stalwart champion from the ranks of those warriors who, more than a generation ago, distinguished themselves in the literary skirmishes attendant on the advent of German naturalism. Not a few of his contemporaries surpassed him in imaginative insight, depth and range of ideas and poetic sensibility. But in architectonic skill, in lucidity and urbanity of expression, in mastery of crackling dialogue, the present generation of German novelists and dramatists has not produced his peer. Certain of his writings, in which he depicted East Prussian and Lithuanian types, reveal a genuinely autochthonous art and are destined to retain a very real and permanent historical value.

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The Mad Professor, published in Germany in 1926, may be described with some justice as a political novel. In theme and execution it is more than faintly reminiscent of two earlier works, the historical drama, Die Lobgesänge des Claudian, and the satiric comedy, Der Sturmgeselle Sokrates. It records Sudermann's impressions, based on the recollection of his experiences as a student at the University of Königsberg in 1875, of the political tempests which raged in Germany during the Bismarckian era immediately subsequent to the establishment of the German empire. In its presentation of the unhappy career of the Mad Professor it depicts vividly the social and political vicissitudes of that epoch of transition and repression.

Enjoying the patronage of a petty German princeling, Dr. Sieburth, professional philosopher and original thinker, has been summoned by the Berlin ministry of education to Königsberg, at this time basking complacently in the reflected glory of the great days of Kant and definitely reduced to the status of a provincial university. Sieburth is convinced that Bismarck's unification of the several German states has been effected at the cost of the betrayal of all liberal ideals. The pessimism engendered by this conviction and the venomous hostility of his colleagues produce in him a moral and intellectual instability which culminates in spiritual confusion, despair and self-destruction. Intertwined with this main theme is the tragi-comic tale of the Mad Professor's amatory encounters with four women, a tale which Sudermann recounts with Gallic sprightliness and which involves a satiric commentary on the hypocrisies and intrigues, the spiritual inertia and bigotry that fill the small world of the East Prussian university.

It is possible that The Mad Professor may ultimately be ranked with the author's major efforts in the field of fiction. The vigor and élan of Sudermann's prose, however, are but feebly reflected in the present translation.

HENRY BRENNECKE.

New Questions and an Old Answer

Christianity and the Present Moral Unrest. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.00.

THIS volume, though not an official publication of the Conference on Politics, Economics and Christianity, is an outcome of it. Dr. A. D. Lindsay, Master of Balliol, writes in the preface: "It seems a far cry from the social life of Palestine 1,900 years ago to a modern industrialized and international society, and that distance makes the advice to 'do as Jesus would' disappointingly unhelpful if taken literally. The writers of this book are at one in being convinced that the message of Jesus Christ has a universal significance which makes it independent of the particular social conditions of that far-off simple time, that it has fruitfulness and illumination for our time as much as for any other."

Several sincere scholars under the able leadership of Professor Muirhead offer this coöperative study in an effort to substantiate their claim. They agree that Christianity has not solved all the specific social problems which have arisen and will arise, but believe that the principles of the Gospel, if properly applied, nevertheless have the power to do so. Technical knowledge as well as moral insight is necessary.

Particular emphasis is placed on the present moral unrest. The obvious factors of this condition are "the ruthless realism with which the younger generation of men and women alike were suddenly brought up against basal elements in human nature, and the emancipation from the restraints of the older

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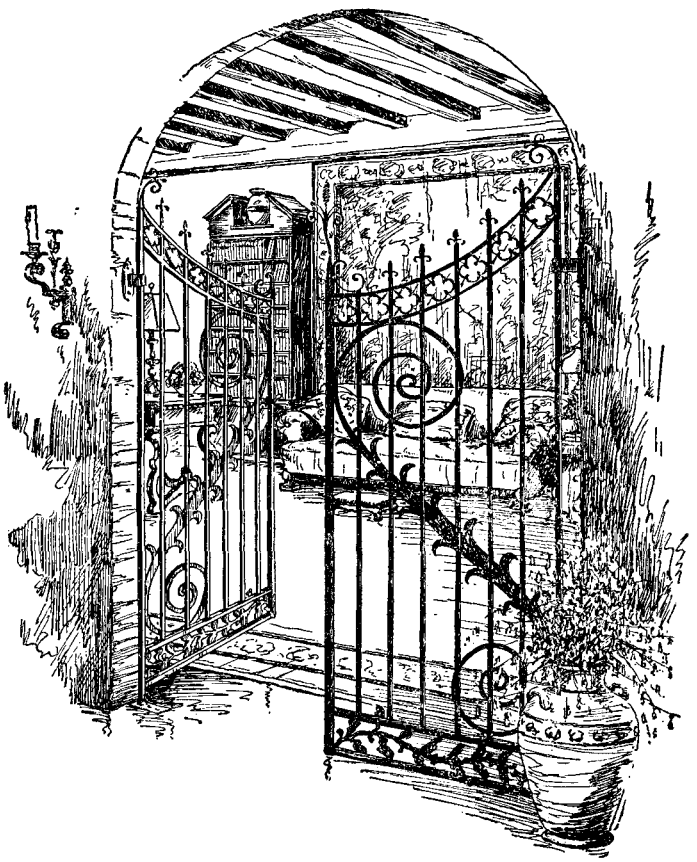

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social order which the hastily devised war organization brought with it. . . . The realism of the war had its counterpart in the realism of the new psychology." Are we surprised to read further: "What we are witnessing in the modern world is the breakup of the harmony of inner and outer, which by a kind of miracle was achieved for a short period in the middle-ages. . . . It is the profound conviction of the writers in this volume that there can be no healing of the wounds of the spirit until a point of view can be reached from which its life can again be seen as an indivisible whole and a sense of its essential unity recovered"? Is there not in the world today a Christian organization with a united doctrine known and believed in by those who rejoice in the unity of Christ's mystical body protected by a visible authority in the Bishop of Rome?

At the moment the essay on The Evolutionist and Biological View of Life, by Professor J. Arthur Thomson, will be found interesting, though we may not admit offhand man's "proved simian pedigree." Very sensibly the writer finds no radical conflict between good science and sound religion. He does not require that noble quest for a new scientific deity, uncertain, indescribable and unattainable.

In the Epilogue Bishop Temple writes: "The conflict of loyalties and moral unrest of today can, I believe, be changed to stability, harmony and peace chiefly by a revival of the sense of vocation." To discover one's vocation he names two general conditions—reality in prayer and a strong sense of duty. Educators might well consider this explanation of our present moral unrest. Those now in our colleges and schools might lead happier and more moral lives after graduation if more direct preparation for the individual's life vocation were given.

In general this volume is interesting and thoughtful. Those who read and study it should also assimilate Abbé Lugan's creditable work, The Social Principles of the Gospel, so well translated into English by the Reverend T. Lawrason Riggs.

JOHN S. MIDDLETON.

Tales of a Pleasant Valley

Other Ways and Other Flesh, by Edith O'Shaughnessy. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00.

IT IS with regret that one leaves Rankweil, that ancient little Austrian village of Other Ways and Other Flesh, and the completing of the chronicle savors of something of that sadness which endues farewells made to a land well loved. Many times this has been said, of many tales, the magic of whose scribes has borne their readers afar to strange and wonderful worlds—but no world, the reviewer feels, has more appealingly won its pilgrims than that quaint and beautiful realm of the Vorarlberg valley which is portrayed in these pages.

Exquisite, cultured—remote from the blatant and the barbaric is Edith O'Shaughnessy's talent. With a sensitive withdrawal of things personal, she only softly hints at that sorrow under whose brooding shadow she chronicled these tales. Yet in reading, one feels that she, as one of her own characters, had "met the figure of grief and was still walking with it." It required of her oft-repeated visits to Rankweil, on which she was accompanied by that mother to whom she wrote, years ago, those delightful letters of A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico, and to whom now, in this book, she pays a most touching tribute. Here is a record of a humbler folk, in whose daily lives, prosaic as they might have appeared to many another visitor, she saw the hand of destiny at work, even as it is surely

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at work on the lives of all human beings the world over—molding, carving, shaping them into the stuff of stories for those who have eyes to see.

These are stories of a persistently elemental people, upon whom, indeed, the things of a modern world have intruded, but who wear the intrusion as an excrescence, unfamiliar, mistrusted and ungainly—not as a thing become their own. Their roots are other. Here today is linked to a lovely mediaeval Christianity penetrating the homely fabric of lives always felt to be just this side of eternity, to which the miracles of the Vorarlberg's first Irish and Scotch saints are as simple and as natural as are its green pasturelands. Yet beings are also sometimes, as in the tale of The Morning Star, obscurely and disastrously subject to the many gods who inhabit vale and river and field, as well as to the one God of the Christian's hope. For in this land, spirit-wraiths of the unforgetful forest can still bewitch unfortunate men, woo them to unholy, otherworldly arms; cattle can yet sicken and perish under the evil eye; dreams can forewarn of disasters at sea. But all these are lesser notes underrunning the melody of a dauntless faith echoing harmoniously from the daily presence at Mass, the remindful crucifix on white, peasant walls, the wayside shrine, the pious greeting to the encountered acquaintance, "Praised be Jesus Christ," and its rich response, "To all eternity, amen."

A certain loveliness of style, a smooth, flowing prose, quite peculiarly their author's own, limns in these Austrian pictures. They are completed by a brush steeped, too, in a high and sensitive spirituality—are colored by a deep love of humanity, many-veiled with a quiet mysticism. Other Ways and Other Flesh gives us a Rankweil we are not only loath to leave, but also one that will be of enduring memory. Truly, as we lay down the book, "a clinging, cope-like silence not only wraps the hill of the Liebfrauen church," but us with it.

HELEN WALKER HOMAN.

Diverse Anthologies

Poetry of the Orient; edited by Eunice Tietjens. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.00.

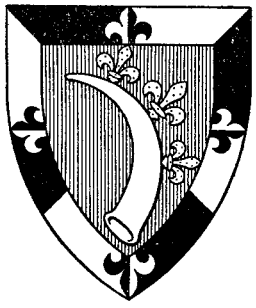
The White Wallet, by Pamela Grey. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

The Turquoise Trail, by Alice Henderson Corbin. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.25.

The Connecticut Poetry Anthology; edited by Ralph Waldo Snow. New Haven: The Quinnipiack Press. $2.00.

THAT competent anthologies of oriental poetry have been very rare is a curious phenomenon, both because of the great appeal this verse has possessed since long before Fitzgerald wrote his illustrious quatrains and because the subject must of necessity remain dark to the individual reader. Mrs. Tietjens's book proves, however, to have been well worth waiting for. She confines herself to the secular poetry of the major eastern nations, hoping (it may be permitted to guess) that a collection of the mystical verse may follow. Every good poem which, so far as the present reviewer knows, belongs in this book is actually here, and of course there are many that come wearing a delightful novelty. The editing has been done with the utmost care, and the explanatory notes alone are worth the price of the book. It is seldom that an anthology maintains such distinction and wins from one so spontaneous an expression of gratitude.

The Turquoise Trail is a collection from contemporary poets living in the Southwest and "voicing its moods." Mrs. Henderson deals so generously with all of them that not a



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THE FARMER AND THE NEW CONGRESS

GEORGE E. ANDERSON discusses what has been done for agricultural relief and the problem as it stands today.

SPEECH STANDARDS ON THE AIR

The belief that the radio will have a great influence on English speech is presentd by FRANCIS POWELL.

ENDING THE LEGEND OF VERSAILLES

Was Wilson a dupe at the peace table? JOHN CARTER answers this question in an interesting analysis of Winston Churchill's recent book The Aftermath.

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few pages are really quite mediocre. As a whole, nevertheless, the book is representative and interesting. Poems like Badger Clark's High-Chin Bob deserve a place in every American anthology, and one is glad to find Stanley Vestal's ballads and Haniel Long's emotional lyrics. But why should such bad verses as Mr. Galsworthy's be reprinted just because he is a famous man?

English readers seem to be fond of the kind of book which Pamela Grey—who is the Viscountess Grey of Fallodon—has compiled. Some time ago there was one by Mr. Bridges and more recently another by Lady Lovat. Prose and verse mingled to reveal a mood, to play tremulously on a given string. Though the present volume is not free from a tendency to eclectic sentimentalism, it can be read with much interest and profit. Here Sydney Smith, Canon Sheehan and Emily Dickinson mingle in friendly company. The White Wallet will prove a welcome gift to such as love quiet hours and more or less golden thoughts.

Long ago there flourished the "Connecticut wits," who upon occasion turned a ditty nicely. The fashion now seems to be turning to more melancholy poets—or at least to specifically lyric poets—if the present anthology be an indication. Mr. Snow's volume comes freighted with a goodly cargo, to which writers both celebrated and less well known have contributed. It should please all who swear by the nutmeg, though some very good poets have not been included.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Woman Emancipated

Toward Citizenship: A Handbook of Women's Emancipation, by Phyllis C. Challoner and Vera Laughton Mathews. London: P. S. King and Son. 2s.

THE Catholic Women's Suffrage Society which had come into existence in 1911 to work for the political emancipation of women, changed its name in 1923 to the Saint Joan's Social and Political Alliance. Last summer this organization celebrated the achievement of its original aim. Now, it continues to work for the removal of the still existing political, social and economic discriminations against women.

This little book, by two of its most active members, after tracing the outstanding facts about the position of women throughout the ages, concentrates on the struggle for the vote in England. The story is a fascinating one, well told, and it is a tribute to its power to interest that it seems too brief. Perhaps Miss Challoner and Mrs. Mathews will consent to expand their work. If so, there will be space for persons not mentioned in the shorter account and an opportunity to emphasize the part played by Catholics in securing an improvement of the status of women in fields not strictly political. In such a volume one would meet the versatile Alice Meynell, whose loyalty to her sex Mr. G. K. Chesterton called one of the "intellectual passions" of her life. Unlike Mrs. Meynell, Cardinal Manning would turn in his grave if one should call him a feminist. But he aided women, in two ways especially: indirectly, by his incessant efforts to curb the drink traffic; directly, by the fearless fight which he waged against the horrors of white slavery.

The authors are to be congratulated on obtaining forewords by Dame Fawcett and Bishop Brown. The latter urges his countrywomen to participate to the utmost in the next election. May they prove worthy of the trust which he has always placed in them!

GEORGIANA PUTNAM MCENTEE.

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Briefer Mention

The Challenge of the Sentry and Other Stories of the Irish War, by David Hogan. New York: Irish Industries Depot. $1.50.

THROUGHOUT these brief dramatic and realistic tales of the Irish rebellion of 1926, art is achieved by extreme simplicity and sincerity. The days following that momentous Easter week are re-created—for those who do not wish to forget them—and the stark episodes make bitter reading. In one sense David Hogan may be said to give the rural counterpart of the life one finds in Sean O'Casey's Dublin dramas; but if the country is cleaner than the city streets, it is not less soaked in blood and harried by muskets and lorry. So the reader puts aside the volume with the prayer of that old, war-weary mother in Juno and the Paycock: "Heart o' Jesus, take away our hearts o' stone and give us hearts o' flesh! Take away this murdherin' hate and give us Thine Own eternal love."

The Memoirs of Prince Max of Baden; translated by W. M. Calder and C. W. H. Sutton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Two volumes, $10.00.

GERMANY from within is the picture given in the chapters of this two-volume memoirs of Prince Max of Baden, who was chancellor of Germany at the time of the signing of the armistice. The account (which is not altogether coherent, nor easily understandable save for students of history) is also an "apologia pro sua vita." It will provide an excellent source of material for future historians since the Prince was a critical observer as well as an active participant in the affairs of war-time Germany. The Commonweal, in its issue of June 1, 1927, when the memoirs first appeared in German, printed an exhaustive review of this important book.

Orientale, by Francis de Miomandre; translated by Ralph Roeder. New York: Brentano's. $2.50.

EAST is east, etc., only to British (and American) imperialists. M. de Miomandre envisages an amour between a Chinese mandarin and a French housewife to whom life has given very little. The race question is very delicately handled, the mandarin being made to stand as a symbol of the lure of foreign lands, silks, spices and all the distant romantic things that figure in the dreams of downcast housewives. We wish we could say as much for the handling of the love scenes, which are sometimes a little too calculated to be convincing, and sometimes too full to permit the observation that the author's detachment is his constant strength.

The Craft of Poetry, by Clement Wood. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

MR. WOOD'S technical studies are directed, apparently, at young poets who are looking for a guide no less than at those of the unanointed who may desire to have some understanding of poetic methods. It should become a popular book among high school classes in English, particularly since verse-writing is coming back into favor as rhetorical discipline. Mr. Wood writes clearly and forcefully, and is at all times 100 percent in favor of the up-to-date, and 1,000 percent against critics, whose works and pomps he abhors in such fervent generalities that one suspects he is trying to build up a legend of himself versus the cruel reviewers.

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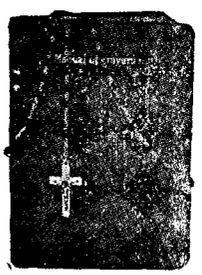
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The Grandson, by Hildur Dixelius; translated by Anna C. Settergen. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

WITH her study of Per Olof Unaeus, Mrs. Dixelius has brought to a close her trilogy of Scandinavian life. As usual, she portrays the austerity of Lapland life: fear, accentuated by the vastness and barrenness of the region, bearing down upon superstitious villagers. This fear and this superstition are the marks of a religion which makes a veritable Thor of the Almighty. Into such a region, which has the good feature of great love of neighbor for neighbor counteracting the frequent outbursts of madness and of violent crime, the author introduces the young pastor, Per Olof. All his great strength is needed to fight his many ever-surging struggles, and the greatest struggle of all is with his own soul which cries for release from an almost unbearable situation. The author's method of writing is of the simplest: sharp, swift strokes, a series of brief but conclusive pictures.

Cochrane the Unconquerable, by Archibald D. Turnbull and Norman R. Van Der Veer. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

A VERY nautical book, repeating "sink me" on every other page to give the flavor of sea-going talk in the early nineteenth century. But when they are not manufacturing dialogue, the authors so thoroughly convince you that Cochrane was a rough and honest fellow of the greatest merit that you wish they had written plain, straightforward history, and spurned the frills of romance. Anyway, we hope that what they have written will be speedily translated into the Spanish so that our friends of Chile and Peru may know what the admirers of El Diablo think of them.

The Promised Land, by Gilbert Parker. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

FROM the anointing of Saul to the death of David, Gilbert Parker retells the story of Israel in a novel which is always reverent, and never pious or affected. Not least among the merits of the book is the very detailed visualization of the times and its customs, the very complex job of giving reality to all this remoteness having been accomplished, apparently, with ease. The story tells itself, of course, but we think that Mr. Parker's treatment of the episode of David and Jonathan is particularly deserving of praise.

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